MARONIDES

OR

Virgil Travestie:

Being a new

PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fifth Book of *Virgils Æneids* in *Burlesque* Verse.

By *John Phillips* Gent. the Author of the *Satyr* against *Hypocrites*.

LONDON

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TO

My Honoured Friend

GEORGE VVHARTON Esq;

Treasurer and Pay-master of his Majesties Office of the *Ord'nance* in the TOWER.

Sir,

THere is no man that puts Pen to Paper but has so much kindness for the offspring of his own fancy, as to think it may deserve some Charity, though it be but a Blew-coat entertainment. If men cavil at the subject, as perhaps some Pædagogues may for affronting their Clasic Author) tis no more then if they should see Virgil *himself now playing at the serious game of Irish, and by and by, turning the Tables, and trifling away a little time at the idle sport of Draughts. I know it is a rudeness to interrupt the serious studies of any person, but*

for

for the ſame perſon to take his own paſtime is no ill manners to himſelf; though as to what relates to my defence. perhaps I may aver. that he who reads the following pages may find ſo much of the πόλλατι μώρης ἀνὴς intermix'd, as wil peradventure turn' emmore into a ſerious Satyr. then a jocular ſtory. Let others think what they pleaſe; if theſe extravagant howers of mine ſhall have the happineſs to gain your approbation, tis what I expect. The chief reaſon why I make this addreſs to your ſelf, being, becauſe I am fully perſwaded, that he who has been ſo true a judge of Loyalty, can be no leſs a judge of Ingenuity.

So I Remain

Your Humble Servant

The Poet expreſseth the Love of Dido to Æneas: viz.
When night had severed them apart,
She heard, n saw him in her heart.

I. Phillips.

Maronides

OR

Virgil Traveſty.

LIB. V.

WHile *Dido* in a Bed of Fire,
A new-found way to cool deſire,
Lay wrapt in ſmoke, half Cole, half *Dido*,
Too late repenting Crime *Libido*,
Monſieur Æneas went his ways;
For which I con him little praiſe,
To leave a Lady, not ith' mire,
But which was worſer, in the fire.
He Neuter-like, had no great aim,
To kindle or put out the flame.

He had what he would have, the Wind;
More than ten *Dido's* to his mind.
The merry gale was all in Poop,
Which made the *Trojanes* all cry Hoop!
My Author tells ye they were glad,
They such a brave escape had made;
Fearing some *Hector*, raging wood
For's Mistress fate, in anger shou'd,
First Cloyster up their Wives, like Nunns;
Then geld themselves, and shave their Crowns.
They car'd not for such *Punic* Giggs,
For Whores then sold no Periwigs.
As thus they reason'd among themselves,
Safe as they thought from Sands and Shelves,
Carthage to them seem'd all in Flame,
Æneas knew himself too blame,
Yet doubting what caus'd the mishap,
To know it would have pawn'd his Cap.
He knew his last demeanor ill,
And his departure ungentile,

That

That Groom had neither gratifi'd
Nor Maid that tuckt up his Bed-side.
And had forsook a willing Soul,
A Lady once, but now a Fool,
Strangely ore-shot to let a Looby,
So treacherously give her the go-by.
Such whims as these his thoughtful Breast,
With many a Gimcrack over-prest.
When on a sudden, loe, the Air,
That was but now serenely fair,
Choak'd with a flux of Rhume and Drivel,
Began in manner most uncivil,
To spaul upon *Æneas* Beard,
And *Trojan* folk, whom fire had spar'd.
But when they heard the Ratling Thunder,
That Rent both Ears and Seas in sunder,
Ready to dash their Oyster Skiffs,
Like Infants Brains against the Cliffs;
The women offer'd *Jove* their *S*mocks,
To save'em from the threatning Rocks;

The men they proffer'd Smocks and Wives,
And all, to save their own dear lives.
Better 't had bin for us, they cry'd,
That we had bin like Herrings fry'd;
Than here to dy like drowned Rats,
Us and our Wives and little Brats.
And then they made it all their wishes,
That *Jove* would turn 'em into Fishes
For why, quoth they, a living Gudgeon,
Is better far than a dead *Trojan.*
Good *Palinure*, a kind of Zealot,
Fitter to make a Priest than Pilot,
For you would swear that he poor Pidgeon,
No Seaman was by his Religion,
Foreseeing well the neer disasters,
Fell streightway to his *Pater nosters.*
O *Neptune*, crying loud, quoth He,
Thou great Stat-holder of the Sea,
Ore all *Sea-Horses*, and all *Whales*
The chief of Major-Generals;

What

What ail your blubb-cheekt *Aquilo's*,
To trouble thus the Waves Repoſe?
A knot of Hectring Dammie fellows,
Inſtead of Rapiers uſing Bellows;
Confounded Bragadochio ſkipjacks
That live by ſnatching Cloaks and Shipwracks,
Why doſt thou let ſuch Ragamuffins,
Thus rudely make our ſhips our Coffins.
They know full well that thou and we,
Are of the ſelf ſame Family.
So that what's don to us, alaſs,
Your Godſhip chiefly does diſgrace.
For why ſhould ſuch a ſhabby brood?
Abuſe your Worſhips Fleſh and Blood.
A peaceful Train, yet I aſſure ye,
Such as might be of a Grand Jury.
For Kindred ſake Sir *Neptune* then,
Make not Sea-Souce of your Kins-Men.
Æneas his *Muſtachio's* tore,
Twas you, quoth he, by whom I ſwore,

Never too late to repent.

To my dear *Dido*, faith and truth:
Come from the Chin of faithleſs Youth:
With that he tweag'd his Chaps and Jawes,
And vow'd they were the only cauſe:
Why to the tune of his diſaſter,
The Waves did dance, while Winds did bluſter.
Yet on my Back I bare *Anchiſes*,
My Father, or the World a ly ſayes,
And ſav'd him from the cruel *Greeks*,
That elſe had fry'd him all in Steaks;
A reaſonable requeſt. Now O ye Gods, I pray ye put,
To the Gooſe Giblets the Hare's Foot;
And tell me why, why *pious* I,
Muſt thus by you forſaken dy.
Streight, *Palinure* he cry'd, So, ho,
What ſhall we weather't out or no?
Pox weather it, quoth he again,
I think the Devil is in the Main,
I never kew ſuch huffing tear-ſmocks,
Here's fluſter bluſter with a Horſ-pox.

By

By all the Gods both old and young,
A little more will make me Dung.
Therefore left we be forc'd ith' cold
To drink more than our skins will hold;
Ther's but one way, and that I'le tell ye,
Not far behind us lies *Si — cilly*.
Where we shall go in *Satans* name,
Turning our prows from whence we came.
There lives *Aceſtes* now turn'd Farmer.
Would we were in his Chimney-Corner!
Rather than here to drop by handfuls
As if were the Devils windfalls.
This when *Æneas* did perceive,
He wip'd his Cheeks with Doublet ſleeve.
For Handkerchief he had not any.
Then quo he had I Bancks of money,
Thou ſhould'ſt have them and eke my daughter
For thou haſt given me cauſe of laughter.
Troth *Palinure* th' haſt hit the nail,
Upon the head and not the tail.

Our Souls why should we hazard there,
Where scarce our bodies dare appear?
I come not here to fight the Winds,
Or rather Devils in their kinds,
Or be at mercy of the Seas,
The mark of all their injuries.
But *Sicily's* a place by *Jove*,
That above all the World I love.
Were I to choose through all the Ball,
I'de have it sooner than *White-Hall.*
Thou never couldst have nam'd one more,
Unless it be the *Promis'd Shore.*
There lies my Father old *Anchises*,
Secure from *Jun's* damn'd devices.
Thether lets hasten night and day.
You know wee're here out of our way.
Having thus made a learned speech,
Which made the *Trojanes* ears to itch;
They made the ships ring with the noise,
Of hey! ——for *Sicily*, brave boyes.

And

And by and by they ſaw the Iſle;
Which made 'em laugh out right, not ſmile.
Alceſtes was a man well born,
And yet he thought it then no ſcorne,
To be about a work moſt mean;
For he was building up again,
A Chimney, which the ſtorm had thrown,
From top to bottom headlong down.
When on a ſuddain he eſpy'd,
A troop of ſtrangers by Sea ſide.
Bleſs me what's yonder, ſtraight quo He,
Come they to eat up mine, or me?
But when as they approached nigh,
He ſaw their Arms and Colours fly,
Their grave grand *Paw*, *Caps of a* ſize,
And eke their Beards cut *Trojan* wiſe.
Then void of fear, and paſt all doubting,
He fell a hollowing and a ſhowting.
They came not now, he ſaw, to fight,
All Towns-born Children, by this Light.

Servius ſaies the ſmelt it, which was moſt like, by reaſon it was ſuch a dark night.

With

With that he leapt from off the Tiles,
As ſome men ſay, at leaſt two miles.
They were no ſooner met, but hey!
Happy was he that could come nigh.
And though his eyes each one did ſee,
's good to certain. Art thou, and thou alive, quoth he?
Good faith my friends, twas boldly done,
For all of you to viſite one.
How could you think that I had roome
To entertain a *Poſſe Com:*
But tis no matter, here ye are,
Mycene now ſhall know I'me Major,
I'me glad y'are come within my yeare,
Though but a Thatcher, I wont ſpare.
He had no Gown lin'd through with Fur,
Yet ſomething like it, I aſſure;
A Bears skin lapt about his Groines,
As it was ſtead from the Bears loins.
Where fore-feet were, he put his Arms,
Where thoſe behind, his leggs he warms.

Yet

Yet this same rugged justicore,
They from his neck had almost tore.
Toward his nape, Love was so brisk,
Twas rumpled like a Ladies Whisk.
So much the worse because that then,
Muff boxes were not us'd by men.
His Arms were sore, his joynts displac'd,
So strong they shook, so hard embrac'd:
At length in pitty to his wrists,
Enough quoth he, Enough your fists.
Less Ceremony, good my friends,
Too much of it to Treason tends.
Then every one to his content,
Sheath'd up his several Complement.
Which being done he march'd before'em
To's Mannor House, in great Decorum.
Twas made of Lome, but little Brick,
Where without much of Rhetorick,
He bad'em welcome to his Hall
His House-keeper was out of call,

He

He call'd her *Bab:* but she came not:
And which was worse, the keys had got.
But twas all one, bring them but where
Let them alone to break and tear.
There was no need to cry Sa-Sa,
For manners then there was no Law.
They sack't his Buttry in a moment
And on his drink ne'e stood to comment.
None were so nice to call for Glasses,
A Hatt for *March-Beer* far surpasses.
Now having while there lasted Meat,
Like Fishes drank, like Horses eat,
They call'd no Chaplains to say Grace,
But streight look out for sleeping place.
Some strew'd themselves upon the Rushes,
Some under Trees, some under Bushes:
Do'nt talk to them of your Serenes,
There's nere a one knows what it means.
Æneas having got a nap,
By break of daylight gets him up:

And

And being reſolved what to ſay,
He with a Drum, beats *Reveillez.*
The *Trojans* wake, and ere they piſs,
They Flock in heaps, and cry what's this?
Now when the Drummer by his Drumming
Had got them all together humming,
He had his will; ſilence quo he,
And ſo gets up into a Tree.
Where, as my learned Author ſayes,
He ſpoke theſe words, or words like theſe.
Faithful companions, whom by *Jove*,
I better than my Kidnies love;
Who from conſumed *Pergamus*,
In Shirts and Drawers ſcap'd with us,
To travel over Dales and Hills,
Unhappy ſharers of my Ills.
Tis now a year ago, not three,
The Devil take the year for me,
Since Death, and he'l nere leave his tricks,
My Daddy ſlew, the beſt of Greeks.

This

This day by me ſo much deplor'd,
This day by me ſo much ador'd.
Deſerves to be the top 'oth 'year,
In *Africk*, *Europe* and elſe where.
Greater than Engliſh day, St. *Georges*,
Or day when Liv'ry-Gowns fill Barges;
Greater than ere St. *Marks* at *Venice* is,
Or Quarter day, or French St. *Denis's*.
And therefore now I hold it fit,
Since here we are ſo happy met,
So near the place where thoſe bones ly;
Of three times ſacred memorie;
Thoſe bones to viſit and to make,
A day perpetual for their ſake,
When bells ſhall ring o'th Engliſh faſhion,
As at Queen *Beſſes* Coronation.
On every veſſel ſhall *Aceſtes*,
Who of our kindred now the beſt is,
The Father of a Calf beſtow,
Or two perhaps for well you know,

He's

He's free as Harlot of his fleſh.
To morrow then, nor am I raſh,
I do intend with pomp and ſtate,
A mighty feaſt to celebrate;
And that you may not think it ſmall,
No ſuch was e're at *Grocers* Hall.
All our own Gods we will invite,
And if our Goſſip can give light.
Of any more, wee'l have 'em all:
When ſaw ye Gods, pray, at *Guildhal?*
Then come not there with ſnotty noſes,
But with ſilk ſtockins, ſhoes and roſes;
Nor let your women there appear
With dirty ſmock-ſleeves, foul head-geare,
With Cover-ſlut from Neck to Toe,
As Maids to morning Lectures go.
But let 'em come into the place,
With *Farandine* Gowns, and pointed Lace.
With Golden ſhoes, and Forehead Curles,
As they were Daughters all of Earls.

But above all I charge you this,
That of clean smocks they do not miss.
If after nine-days it be fair,
No Rain descending from the Ayr,
To spoyl those Clothes I'de have you wear.
Then will I please you several days,
With Rope-dancing and Poppet plays:
With Gyants and *Dutch*-women tall,
Strange Fishes, and the Devil and all.
With Fools excelling *Puncinello*,
Or *Andrew* eke that merry fellow.
I'le have a Sea-fight, but in jest,
And give rewards to them do best.
Upon the place there shall not lack
Teirces of Claret, Buts of Sack,
With heads knockt out to my great praise,
Where ye shall drink a thousand ways.
There shall be Glees, and Catches store,
Chiefly, the *Fair Lavinian Shoar.*
I'le have a Pipe too in my hand,

And

And ſmoak and drink while I can ſtand:
I'le neither ſpare my Purſe nor brains,
The mirth of that day to advance.
If this you like then ſhout my Boys.
With that they ſhout with diſmal noiſe.
Have you not heard in Winter weather
Ten thouſand Turnep-men together;
Tearing their throats to let you know
The vertue of Long Turnep Ho!
So did the *Trojans* rend the ſky,
Though wherefore they knew not, nor why.
Now when *Æneas* and the Rout,
Had ſhouted out their monſtrous ſhout:
He would have preſently ſpoke on,
But could not, for his breath was gon.
Streight having clear'd his throat from flegm,
With a ſtout Hauk, and Pulpit Hem,
To ſhew his witt was nothing feeble,
He broke'm many a pretty Quibble,
And coax'd'm up with many a wheedle.

Come faithful friends let's not be Idle.
Fetch from the Woods, tis no diſhonour,
In ſpight of him that owes the Mannor,
Fetch Myrtle home to crown the brows
Of all the Chiefs, while they carouſe
Deep Healths to my deceaſed Father;
Tis not a Theft, but vertue rather;
For Myrtles are my Mothers Trees,
And you may take'm as her fees.
The *Trojans* thus led by the noſe,
Went all like fools to gather Boughs.
They went and being come again,
Æneas had a Crown or twain.
One he put on, and then ſeem'd dreſt
Like ſteward of a City feaſt.
So was *Alceſtes* likewiſe Crown'd,
And eke *Elymus* far renown'd;
Aged in years but young in Crafts,
For he play'd well at Cheſs, and Draughts.
Could cure the Ring-bone in a Horſe,

The

The Malanders, the Vives, and Farce.
With Birdlime likewise made of Turds,
Could *Felfares* catch and other Birds.
And had besides, let no man grudg it,
A hundred knacks more in his Budget.
Thus Crown'd also was young *Ascane*,
Clad *Ala mode de la Campagne.*
For he had on a Martial Mantle,
Which in *Carthage* by inch of Candle,
His Mother for a trifle bought:
It was a Scarlet Peticoate,
Which she had cut into that shape,
To please the Fathers darling Ape.
All the young fops that this did see,
Got Garlands too of any Tree.
And was it not a sight most good,
For to behold a walking Wood?
Æneas the Incomparable,
March'd at the head of all the Rabble.
With pace and gesture so Majestick,

More like a Dancer than a Ruſtick:
Old Man nor Child did never know,
A ſight more like my Lord Majors ſhow.
Or if the Colour had not alter'd,
(But for a word my Rhyme had falter'd)
When the Red-feather-men are ſeen,
To march to the *Artill'ry* Green.
Now being come unto the Tomb,
The poor man ſeem'd with grief ore'come.
He bid'm fetch a Pint of Claret,
A Meſſenger was ſtreight ſent for it,
When't came, he would not one drop drink,
(A thing you'l ſay is hard to think)
But threw it all on the Sepulchre,
Where lay the bones of Father skulker;
A bowl of Milk he powr'd likewiſe,
But what that meant I can't deviſe.
All this he ſtrewd with herbs and flowers,
Then dropping tears like pibble ſhowers.
Bones of my Father *bonas Noches*,

That

That now ly free from all Reproaches,
While I by my misfortunes here,
Am hunted dry-foot like a Deere;
I like a *Tartar* rove about,
Tis well I have not got the Gout;
Oh had ye liv'd but one year longer,
And fate then you had not been stronger;
We might have lodg'd ye peradventure,
In promis'd *Italy*'s fair Center.
Where if a Soldier may be bold,
To speak what he has oft been told;
Though after many a bloody nose,
Our offspring having beat their Foes,
Spite of their teeths, by Sea and Land,
Shall all the Universe Command.
But Heav'n it seems was never minded,
Things should fall out as I intended.
His pious humor more did mean,
But for a chance that spoyl'd the Scene.
For in the midst of his devotion,

A Serpent with his crawling motion
Juſt by his Holineſs appear'd,
More horrid than a Switzers beard.
Æneas with the ſight perplext,
Was quickly put beſide his Text.
This Serpent was in length ten Ells,
And cover'd all with yellow ſcales;
That was one colour, but too true,
There were both grey, and green, and blew.
An ugly face he had to blinck on,
For'a lookt as Satan lookt or'e *Lincoln*.
His ſerpents gate, and folding tayl,
Their ſtouteſt hearts did quell and quail.
And ſurely all had not been clean,
But that a thing did intervene.
For by and by he plainly ſhew'd,
He came not for their harm or good.
He therefore gave a gratious ſmile,
On the poor *Trojans*, dead ere while.
Æneas who was allwayes free,

In

In Curteſie for Curteſie,
Seeing him ſmile, reviv'd at heart,
Reſolv'd to play the Foxes part,
And kindly treate th'unbidden gueſt,
More like a Chriſtian than a *Beaſt*.
So when he ſaw the Serpent grin,
He like a Courtier ſmiles agen.
But you muſt know that the Ser —pent,
That came not there to complement.
Took little notice of his cringes,
But ſmartly to the Tomb he ſwinges,
To take his ſhare of the oblations,
Which he lickt up without Orations.
Returning gravely from the Tomb,
The people freely gave him Room.
For though his cloaths were very brave,
He needed none to cry, beare leave.
Now here he made a little pauſe,
As *Lipſius* thinks, to pick his jawes.
And having ſhewn his back ſo fine,

The which like *China* ſilk did ſhine.
Away he ſlipt, but Heav'n knowes how,
The French man ſaies 'twas through a *Trou*,
Anglice hole. But Peſcods take him,
Virgil that while he was a making,
Might'a made what ſo er'e he liſt,
Mouſe-hole, or pin-hole, hole by Twiſt,
Or any other hole; yet left
Us quite ith' lurch; it was a cleft
I ſay; let him deny't that dares,
Do you Sir? Serpent, take his Ears.
Well being gon, they ſtrove to know
What it ſhould be that plagu'd'm ſo.
Æneas thought 'twas by's agility
In licking plates with ſuch docility,
The ſoul of a *Valet du Chamber*,
Whoſe name I cannot well remember,
Which once his Father had,——
But others with a better face,
That was the Numen of the place.

At

At length they cryd with much debate,
Twas something but they knew not what.
Howe're thus warn'd, *Æneas* gave
New honours to his Fathers Grave.
He don'd a Countenance most sad;
I mean religious, and not mad;
He that will bring new things to pass,
Must able be to change his face,
Pretend occasions for his fears;
If he can't weep, must buy his tears.
Of six fat Sheep he cut the throats,
And five fat Pigs as plump as Goats:
And six fat Heifers to his wishes:
The blood he powred out in dishes:
The Wine from pales he spilt like whey;
Then prostrate on the Tomb he lay
(Had now the Serpent come to sup,
And eat the brave *Æneas* up.
Marry! I hope 'twas ne're intended,
For then the story had been ended)
And as he lay like a great Calf,

Invoak'd

Invoak'd his Fathers better half:
But whatsoe'r he said, or cry'd,
Nor Soul nor Father *Tit* —— reply'd.
That is, he did not speak so much as half a word
The Devil a *Tit*——he said, I say,
But there like *Stock*-Fish, dead he lay.
At his own Charge *Æneas* could
Not make this sacrifice so good;
His Fellow *Trojans* therefore bore
The great expence, some less, some more.
Though not by Subsidy nor Pole,
But by a free and willing Dole.
When this was done, they fell to worke,
Debauching more than *Jew* or *Turk*.
From right to left the Healths went round,
They roard and sung, and tore the ground.
Æneas with his brave Adventures
Top'd it so long, he made Indentures.
This was apparent after Supper
By a damn'd fall upon his Crupper;
And that he got by cutting Capers.

By

By which perswaded and the Vapours
That had so over-pois'd his head,
He took a light, and reel'd to bed.
Now *Phœbus* gave a new Carere,
And bright *Aurora* doth appear;
It was no Morn fair in the Cradle,
And by and by fowl in the saddle;
Yet twas a Morn, to tell you truth,
Born with a Proverb in her Mouth.
For Proverb tells ye, Morning Grey
Is always Mother of fair day.
But above all, 'twas the ninth Morn,
The *Monsieur* then, you know, had sworn
To shew the people many a sight
The women they sate up all night,
To wash their necks and heads to Kemm,
And make their Children fine as them.
The maids that slept with naked Tayle,
Dreamt all of Cakes, and bottle Ale.
Not only *Trojans*, but *Sicilians*

Both

Both City dames and *Croyden*-Gillians,
For ten mile round, were alſo fine
At place prepar'd, ere clock ſtrook nine.
Young men and maids, Old men and babes,
Lady's in Coaches, durty drabs,
In wooden-heel ſhoos, and ſhooſtrings blew,
With headlong haſt came all to view
The fare renowned *Trojan* blades;
And eke their ſolemn Maſquerades,
Æneas brought the prizes forth,
Which were to be rewards of worth:
A very noble Porridg-Pot,
Two doublets very finely wrought
The one half, ſilk, the other Canvas,
Two Flagellets, a Treble, and baſe:
An Engin, which, if I don't err,
Great Artiſts call a Nut-Cracker:
Trenchers two dozen, I don't dally,
The which *Æneas* in a Sally,
Plunder'd from Tent of *Agamemnon*,

For people lov' gaping after ſhews then as well as now.

There

There was no reason to contemn'um
Though they were brown, yet they were good
And purchaz'd with the price of blood.
One of old *Priams* greasie Hats.
An instrument to murder Cats.
The work of famous *Aristander*,
Mathematician and Commander;
Who fifty ways could Rats destroy
And wrot thereof a Book in *Troy*.
A Peuter Bowl enamel'd rare;
Two Slippers, two, and not a pair;
For one was mighty *Hectors* own,
The other *Jason* wore alone;
The one was blew, the other green,
Embroider'd both with Gold I ween.
A Gittern whereon *Helen* playd,
When very young, I mean, a maid.
With many other Rarities
To please the most ambitious eyes;
The which *Æneas* liberal

He that distinguishes well teaches well.

Ex-

Expos'd to view upon a Stall.
Æneas first beat up his Drum;
|| *Here the Thumb is taken for whole hand.* Then taking Trumpet with his || Thumb;
He sounds a Levet *Tan, tan, ta, ra*:
He blew with such a Si sa ra ra,
Until he got the Piles behind:
Behold the mighty force of Wind!
And then for silence making sign,
With Eloquence the most divine;
Quo he, let us begin by Sea,
And with our Ships commence the Play.
The Vanquisher that shall command
Shall be rewarded out of hand,
With such a prize, as he shall say,
And for a truth affirm it may,
When he came out of Mothers placket,
That he was wrapt in Mothers smicket.
Menestheus, and there hangs a tale,
Chose the good Ship, yclepd the *Whale*,
Who when he came to *Italy*,

First founded *Memmion Progeny.*
To whose geeat deeds, if y' are not privy,
In English read, or Latine, *Livy.*
Gias a young man well descended;
The next place strove to be commended.
For he was strong and very Chuffish,
And a great diver was for Craw-fish.
Sergestus was the third brave blade,
Who, when he came to *Rome*, first made
The house of *Sergius* far renown'd:
Thence *Galba* came, an Emperor crown'd.
Now this *Sergestus* shav'd his head:
For why? because his hair was red.
But for the Ship he ruled o're,
'Twas call'd, they say, the good *Centore.*
He playd all Games at dice all weathers:
And Fowl devoured in their feathers,
For knowledge was not then prepar'd
To turn-pike up their skins with Lard.
Cloantus was the next brave Lad,

In Drawers made of Canvas cladd.
His good Ship was the *Scylla* nam'd
Himself for little else was fam'd.
Only from him and from his Dame,
They say, Seignor *Cluentus* came.
These only were the Gallant Boyes
That strove to win *Æneas* toyes.
Not far ith' Sea there stood a Rock,
Your brains out sooner you might knock,
Then move it, yet because it stood
So near the Shoare, they held it good
To make this Rock Contenders mark,
He that first touch't it was a spark.
Æneas full of wit and wile,
Thought good to throw up cross or pile,
T'avoid contention and more strife
Then he intended; to be brief,
The Galleys having took their place,
The brave Commanders, each with face
Like Lyons bold stood on the Poop,

In

In one hand Brandy, t'other Rope.
Quo they unto their Gally Slaves,
As every one himself behaves,
Here's this or this, take which you please,
But this I think's most for your ease;
I can assure you 'tis for mine.
Then leaving Rope, take Brandy wine.
That is, like Devils row, not men;
So I and you shall honour gain.
With that a generous heat invaded
Their braunie Arms with Oyl bedaubed,
And if their hearts went pit a pat,
Twas only fearing they knew what.
With speeches thus and courage spur'd,
They wanted nothing but the word.
The signal given, to't they go,
With Head above and Tayl below:
All at one time they make a start,
T'ha seen it would have joy'd your heart.
I'th name of ill luck see the slaves,
How they do cut and slash the waves;

How they do ſweat! the more fools they;
They need no Uſhers to make way.
In vain the Ocean yells and roars;
You'd think'm rather Wings than Oars.
And for the Ships——not many words,
You'd ſwear they were no Ships, but birds.
Have you er'e ſeen on *Wilton* Plain,
Of gallant Courſers three or twain;
How nimbly forward each one pricks,
While their thin ſides the Rider licks?
So through the Sea the ſtraining Galleys
Are forc'd for their Commanders follies.
See how the oyl of heated brows,
Drops from their Foreheads on their Toes,
Streight one the order breaks, and then,
What ſay's the man commands the men?
You may be ſure he ſays no prayers;
But to be ſure, devoutly ſwears;
Row, row ye Rogues, row for your lives
You'l pleaſe the Gods, and pleaſe your Wives.

Row Devils, d'ont ye proverbs know?
What Devil drives, that needs must go.
The pleas'd spectators they behold,
And each one wishes, as he would
Have the cause to go. Here prayeth one
For friend, there mother for her son.
With various clamours, various cries
They all be-din th'amazed skies.
Fair *Eccho* hearing such a clamor,
Resolv'd to make one, as became her,
Replying to the word Courage,
Courage sometimes, and sometimes rage.
Gyas so well his business ply'd,
That he was got a spet and stride
Before the rest: for understand ye,
H'had been no niggard of his Brandy.
Their heads were lighter by a Tun,
Which made the Ship the faster run.
Cloantus follow'd close a Stern,
While t'other nails doth bite, and girn.

His heel alas was heavier much
A damn'd fly-bottom made by Dutch.
The *Whale* and Centaure jig by joul,
Swam very friendly to the Goal.
But now these friendly Enemies,
Men otherwise discreet and wise;
Seeing themselves approach the place
That gave them honour or disgrace;
Now every one looks on his brother
As if they could have eat each other.
Have you ere seen upon the tiles,
When Moon on tops of Houses smiles,
Two great boar-cats, with sparkling eyes,
Look each on other, while the prize,
Grey Maulkin, couches in their sight,
So *Trojans* now brim full of spite,
Wish that the ships and men also
Might rather to the Devil go.
Or to the bottom of the Sea,
Than that his ship should lose the day.

Gyas who thought his Pilot steer'd,
Too Roomie, and some by-blow fear'd,
Roard like a *Lyon*; ye damn'd dog,
Why so far off, keep close ye Rogue,
Why *Menetus*? son of a whore,
I say keep closer to the shore.
But *Menetus* was deaf as block.
For his experience feard a Rock.
Which if the ship it once should justle,
Yfaith Sir *Guyas* might go whustle.
Then *Guyas* in a fury falls,
And yauls and bauls, and calls and yauls.
Hei—Dotard, Pilot mine A——
Hir'd by my foes; and that is worse
My youth of honour to deprive.
Close; or the Devil fetch thee alive.
Soul of a dog keep close a shore.
But *Menetus* would nere the more.
Mean-while *Cloantus* near at hand,
Slides betwixt *Guyas* and the Land.

Where *Menetus* had left the Shore,
O Heav'ns! how *Gyas* then did roar.
His choler boyl'd up like a Kettel,
And in the heat of all his mettle,
To *Menetus* he dings amain:
He did not ſtand with ſerious brain
T'adviſe if raſhneſs were a fault;
But in a moment, quick as thought,
Griping his neck, as Poult'rers gripe,
The necks of Turkies, Hens, or Snipe,
He plung'd him headlong in the Sea,
Sans complement or other plea.
Go there, quo he, confounded ſop,
Fit but to make the Devil a ſop.
And now to fetch *Cloantus* up,
He takes the Helm in his own clutches,
Quo he, Hell take the ſlave that grutches
To melt his greaſe or break his back,
Rather than let my Honour crack.
By this poor *Menetus* that ſwum

Not

Not like a stone, but like a Drum,
Had made a shift, a good one too,
To scramble though without a Shoo,
Up to the top of a small Cliff.
No other Chamber, to his grief,
He then could have to dry his hair;
Each one of which might well compare
To the best River in the Isle.
His hary Arms he squeez'd er'e while,
And fil'd at every stroak three pails.
He frown'd and scowld, and bit his nails.
The people that beheld his fall
Yet sorry did not seem at all,
Could not but laugh when they lookt up,
And saw him on the peeked top,
Perch'd like an Ape upon his breech.
They could not hear his raving speech;
But judg'd him angry by his face,
And twisting beard at his disgrace.
By this advantage those behind

That neither with their Oars nor wind
Could hope before, now haul and tear,
Thinking to put in for a ſnare.
Sergeſtus therefore ſtraining hard,
Meneſtheus leaves i'the rear gard,
Which he diſdaining cries outwrite
Ye curſed ſlaves, you row, you ſhite.
You work as if your Arms were broke,
Such ſcoundrel dogs the Devil choak.
What Hoſpital have I diſpeopl'd,
For ſuch a crew ſo damn'dly crippl'd.
What Goale broke looſe to vex my brains,
With fetter'd Arms and Feet in Chains?
There go again damn'd rotten fellows,
Good for juſt nothing but the Gallowes.
Well *Neptune* hadſt thou been ſo kind,
T'aſſiſt me with one puff of wind,
Thou ſhouldſt have known, deny't who can,
Thou hadſt oblig'd a Gentleman.
But ſince your worſhip plainly ſhews,

The

The little love to me it owes;
And that I must be yet beholding
To these weak slaves, I'le leave off scolding.
Row on my hearts, men of renown,
Redeem your honour and my own.
This picquant speech so prickt their souls,
That they renew their strength in shoals.
The truants dry before, grew wet;
All on a suddain bath'd in sweat.
Sergestus fearing they would rout him,
With double fury layes about him.
But wo for him in time of need,
The more the hast, the worse the speed.
For ill advised of a rock,
The ship with such a wannion strook;
Rash went the Keel, crack went the prow:
Some twenty Oars brake at one blow.
Quo one, thrown off as he was rowing,
I'th Devils name where am I going?
Two hundred men were flung about,

As,

As, Man had been but a diſh-clout,
Like chairs and ſtools in Tavern fray,
Here one and there another lay.
Sergeſtus, more ith' ſuds than Sea,
Miſfortune would not yet obey.
But made'm go to work again;
And fiſh the pieces out o'th' Main.
Chear up my boys, there's life in Muſtle
With that they kept a heavy buſtle;
And preſently they got her off.
They row and heave, and blow and puff.
Sergeſtus daunc'd a Sarraband
To ſee his men obey command.
Now you muſt know that in the nick
Of this miſchance, *Meneſtheus* quick-
Ly had the Centaur over-run.
And ſeeing now his buſineſs done
Oh! are ye there, quo he, ſtick faſt,
Till I come back; I'me now in haſt;
Which made *Sergeſtus* backward pray

For the misfortune of the day.
While poor *Sergestus* thus imbroil'd,
Against the worst of evils toil'd,
Menestheus heads young *Gyas* prow
Quo he, hei—*Gyas*— what chere ho!
Where's *Menetus*? gon to *Peg Trantum*?
Such pocky Pilots who can want'm?
Gyas made no reply for grief;
But there he stood just like *Lots* Wife.
His Ship like Horse without a bridle
Made a great bustle, yet was idle.
Cloantus straight he overtook:
Cloantus that could hardly brook;
Against his men he dismbogues
A hundred Villains, Thousand Rogues.
But 'twas in vain to keep a pudder,
When men could hardly hold the Rudder.
Thus from hard fortune Heav'n protect us!
Cloantus *victor* now *est victus*.
Menestheus now with wind and tide

And acclamations on his ſide,
Went on without competitor.
'Tis good you ſee ſometimes therefore,
To have the favour of a Whore.
Cloantus ſeeing this abuſe,
Although what Seamen ſeldome uſe
Yet in a caſe ſo neceſſary,
From Cuſtome yet reſolves to vary.
And though as mad as are March Hares,
Compos'd his mind to ſay his Prayers.
They ſay he made this brief Oration,
Or rather ſweet ejaculation.
Ye Gods, that lodged in the Seas,
Oft ſuccour Veſſels in diſtreſs,
When overcharged with Hogsheads,
And taking Rocks for feather-beds,
They oft to him become a prey,
That owes the Mannor of the Sea.
And likewiſe, that which never fails,
You ſet your *Arſes* gainſt the tayls.

Of Galleys, when they want a wind,
And blow'em forward with ——behind;
If by your aid my vessel slow
Shall win the prize, I make this vow;
An Ox shall be the Recompence,
Of your Divine omnipotence;
And then to please your appetite,
That in Ragou's take much delight,
The body shall be stuft with parsly;
The Entrails spiced, and pepper'd fiercely.
And for to treat you as my Minions,
I do assure you of Champignons:
With this a present of *Greek*-wine,
To tope your noses most divine.
And as for Fish, ye then shall surfeit
On Salmon, Cods-head, Carp and Turbet.
This vow attested with Cud—nowns,
Made water in their mouths eft-soons.
Immediately the Sea-Gods all,
And Goddesses both great and small,

To help *Cloantus* are agreed,
In hopes ſo well to drink and feed.
So by main ſtrength they gave a ſhove,
Or whether they the ſhip did move
Some other way, that makes no matter
But ſure I am he got the better;
Leaving *Meneſtheus* and the reſt
To follow him as they could beſt.
Cloantus now in Port ſo ſafe,
For Joy it made *Æneas* laugh.
And after that he made a ſpeech
Which did the Company bewitch.
And by a Herauld did proclaim
The worſhipful *Cloanthus* fame.
And then with Lawrel crown'd his head
In token he ſo well had ſped.
Then from his pocket forth he drew
A Leathern pouch, both full and new;
And gave the Mariners, I think,
Some four Deneers a peice, to drink.

And farther for their present Chear,
He set a broach three tunns of beer.
A Brigandine most gay and rich
Cloanth to take he did beseech,
Who though he then for joy did cry,
To take the same did not deny.
It was a very neat designe,
For it was full of Pictures fine.
By graver wrought there might you read,
The History of *Ganimed.*
Fair *Ganimed* great *Joves Bordachio*,
Whose Chin he prickt with his Mustachio.
There the young squire you might behold
With hunting Javelin on his should——
Er, and you'd think he did pursue
A Hart that fled, but neither true.
Just in the nick an *Eagle* came,
'Twas wild on Earth but in Heav'n tame;
Who being sent for his dear sake
Takes perfect hold with Claws and beak

And

And ſtreight according to the plot,
Away he carries little *Trott*.
In vain his play-fellowes purſue
The mighty bird, that ſwiftly flew.
There you may ſee his Greyhound *Placket*,
Seeming to keep a fearful Racket,
Striving to leap into the Air:
What noiſes he made ye cannot hear.
And well it was 'twas but a picture,
His howling elſe, as I conjecture,
Cloantus might have made repent,
Th'acceptance of his Ornament.
The Painter yet did well t'expreſs
The Greyhounds love and tenderneſs.
And *Virgil* too did well to ſhew,
That he what painting meant did know.
A Cuiras ſhap'd in Clouds of Gold,
Meneſtheus had to have and hold
To him and to his heirs for ever,
They ſay a fairer was ſeen never.

It was the Cairas of a Cap——
Tain, that long since had the mishap
(Mishap indeed) for to be kill'd,
By great *Æneas* in the field.
As fine as 'twas, it seems, the same
Sav'd neither Masters life, nor fame.
This Captain was *Demoleon* hight,
Now being slain bid him good night.
The Cuiras it was all of Gold,
For twas so heavy that to hold
It in their *Arms*, nor *Sagaris*
Nor *Phegeus* could endure I wiss.
You'd have me tell you, who they be,
No by my truth; Ime not so free.
Two brazen Kettles he gave more,
Two gondola's without an Oar;
Of Latten made, and worth each one,
I guess, about a duccatoon.
As for who 'twas these guifts deserv'd,
Virgil is very much reserv'd.

And ſparingly divides the ſtore,
To *Cloanth*, only, and one more.
Our knick-knacks were more freely giv'n,
But how they'l get'm, that knowes Heaven:
Now they that were contented well,
Were well content by the ſequel.
Which made them on the ſands to walk,
For Liberty to chat and talk.
As they were making their preambles
Of their atchievments and their gambols,
Repeating one thing ten times over;
Behold! what is it they diſcover.
Even *Sergeſtus* all forlorn;
With broken Oars, and veſſel torn,
Making god-wot, a weak endeavour
The Shoar in ſafety to recover.
He lookt like one quite broke at *ſpeirings*
After ſome twenty thouſand jeerings.
For you muſt know he took't in ſnuff
That any Rock ſhould him out-huff.

But

But in his passion came too nigh him,
For Rock would not be hector'd by him,
Which brought him unto weeping Cross;
More for the shame than for the loss.
Have you a Serpent ever seen,
With skin so pompous, blew and green,
Taking his pastime on the Road,
When on a suddain the swift load
Of hanckney-Coach his chine doth crack,
Tearing his kidneys from his back.
There moves the Snake brisk at the head,
But by the tayl ill followed,
So now the ship, in some part whole,
In some parts full as washing bowl,
And pinion'd quite for want of wings,
Of Oars *I* mean, or such like things,
Instead of swimming, briskly row'd,
Moves like a Tortoise, only towd,
At length with help of little wind,
(Thanks to the little gale so kind)

And Canvas faile, (live ever they,
That Canvas firſt did bring in play)
With much ado ſhe made the Port:
Sergeſtus, looked *ala-mort*.
How'ere *Æneas*, good man he,
Of poor *Sergeſtus* took Pi-tee.
Tis thought there were ſome ſhavers there;
Wiſht rather his, than their own ſhare.
Pox on't, quo one, would I had loſt,
I had ſav'd my bones and yet got moſt.
For for to comfort up his heart,
And waſh his tayl all mire and durt,
Æneas gave him dainty maid;
I mean a Nurſe, whatere I ſayd,
With too ſmall Children at her breſt;
So ſhe could be no maid, 'tis gueſt.
This woman was Nurſe *Pholoe* hight
She could both read, and pothooks wright,
Her noſtrel was ſo wide and plain,
That you might almoſt ſee her brain,

Though

Though *Cretan* born, yet was she free,
From lying or from thievery.
Her face was something black and fat,
And eke her Armholes smelt somewhat.
She playd upon the Virginals;
With Castanets could dance at balls;
She could preserve, and also starch;
And so to other things we march.
Æneas quitting the sea-shore
Betakes him to a feild; wherefore?
Not so fast *Tom*; for you must know,
The field was large and wild also.
And *Virgil* says not to spoyl meeter,
'Twas like a Cirque or Amphitheter.
There sitting on a peice of Timber,
As far as I can well remember,
Æneas that renouned widgeon
These words did speak in language Phrygian.
My loving friends and dear assistants
Twixt you and I there is no distance

I come not here with tales of tubs,
And therefore from your Nolberjobs
Lend me your leathern Lugs I pray,
And liſten well to what I ſay.
If any of you here will run,
You may, if not, let it alone.
Better occaſion, friends, believe it ye,
No man can have to ſhew activity.
Better employment to your mind,
Where can your mighty Lordſhips find,
Then to beſtir your Lordly leggs
In running after Mumblede pegs?
Sa, Sa, then come, make haſt and ſtrip;
You know that time doth nimbly skip.
As for your doublets, I ſhall watch 'em:
Hands nimbler than your heels muſt catch 'em:
And he that has a nimble thigh,
Let him here ſhew it by and by.
For he that with his active pumps,
Can put his enemies to his trumps,

Or

Or fairly winn the first assault,
The Cat hath still left in the mault
Something which I as my great trust is
Shall give to all with equal justice.
This faithful promise being made,
Their hairy bosoms soon displaid.
The *Trojans* eke and mixt *Sicilians*
That came to see were many millions,
Or thousands, for what should I ly for?
I fear I have err'd above a Cipher.
But they that Poets read you know
Will never stand for a round O:
But if they should, 'tis hard in my sence,
To be debarr'd Poetick Licence.
Which Poets claim, as more emphatick,
Than Conscience free to a Phanatick
Euryalus, a youth most proper
Shews all to Ladies but his Crupper;
For he had nothing on but's drawers
The first of *Trojan* clapper-clawers.

My Maſter *Niſus* next appears,
He had leſs ſhame, but far more years.
For he had nothing but his ſhirt,
Under his twiſt with knot begirt.
His love was great t'*Euryalus*,
A pious love, and not for *luſt*.
Diores next ſprung from the Race
Of Royal *Priam*, ſhews his face,
With *Helymus* and *Panopes*
Hoy day,——and who I pray are theſe?
Why theſe were two rich Farmers ſons,
Aceſtes great Companions.
In fair, they hunted, in ſoul weather,
They drank and play'd and whor'd together.
Patron were next and *Salius*
The one a bold *Arcadian* was,
The other an *Acarnan* brisk,
To run, or cuff, or tumble whisk:
But which was one, or which was t'other,
Maro himſelf doth not diſcover.

Why

Why then d'ye think I'le tell ye more.
Than I my ſelf was told before?
Yet this I'le ſay that *Maro* could not,
Or if he could, I'me ſure he would not
From one was lineally deſcended
The *Croyden* Butcher ſo commended.
The other to make out th'intreague,
Forefather was of nimble *Teage*.
Of all the reſt we ſay but little,
Since *Maro* ſpares to ſpeak a tittle.
All being thus reſolv'd to run,
Quo they, to great *Anchiſes* ſon,
With guts diſcharg'd and bladders empty,
Lee here our ſelves we do preſent thee.
Streight-way *Æneas* ſitting boldly
On timber-log of which I told ye.
By kind aſſiſtance of his tongue,
Made 'em, they ſay, this ſhort Harangue
He that of you ſhall run the beſt,
By my dead Father three times bleſt,

In no wiſe ſhall repent his bargain,
For hear what I propoſe ye for gain.
Two darts, both made of *Gnoſſian* craft,
Of Ebonie ſhall be the ſhaft;
Feather'd with Gold, which ſeems a Bull,
But that I ſpeak to men not dull.
A Partiſan of ſteel, but ſuch
An one, as you may make as rich,
As any City leading ſtaff,
If you'l be at expence enough.
To the three ſwifteſt in the courſe
I do deſign to give a horſe.
Though I confeſs, they have moſt need,
That ſloweſt are, of nimble ſteed:
But that's all one, I'me bound to praiſe ye,
And not give horſes to the lazie.
This horſe ſhall have Capariſons
Rich as the Queen oth'Amazons.
There boy's, there goes the hare away,
And I think worth the catching, ha!

His quiver eke, and eke his belt,
Cut from the brims of a broad felt,
Embroidered all with work of Gold.
Inſtead of ſhoulder knot, behold
A glittering Pearl, three times as big
As a large hen's or a duck egg.
He that cryes hey—for our town,
With olive branch him will I crown.
The third ſhall have a mortion made
At Argos, where it is their trade.
I will not ſay how finely don,
He's free to take, or let't alone.
The ſignal given by the ſound
Of twiſted trumpet, ſee the ground
All in a cloud, and ſuch a high one
As wrapt *Æneas* like *Ixion*.
Some ſaid that ſweat of heel and toe
Would duſt allay, but twas not ſo.
For why to ſtop each 'others paces
They kickt it in each others faces.

Niſus had got by much the ſtart,
And as he ran, he oft did fart;
Which much endammadg'd them behind,
Having two foes, the duſt and wind.
For by this means he got before,
Some two and twenty yards or more.
Niſus behind, but far behind
Ran *Salius*, like a nimble Hind,
After him ran *Euryalus*;
And cloſe at his heels *Helymus*:
Him *Diores* that was the laſt,
Seeing 'em all in ſo much haſt,
With malice now and rage ore'come,
Gave ſuch a kick upon his bum;
That through the pain of his Poſteriors,
He now gives way to his inferiors.
Niſus was juſt upon the mark,
But ſee how fate can prove a Turk!
For juſt ith'nick, he ſprain'd his toe,
There lay poor *Niſus* crying, oh——

He bow'd ſo rudely to his toes,
As made the blood ſpin from his noſe.
So there he lay as I have told ye,
Swearing like a belfounder, boldly;
When furnace cracks, and metals runn,
As if the Devil were on Dun.
He ſaw the prize was not for him;
Which vext him more than did his linn.
Yet though he loſt his hope and glory,
He had not loſt the quick memory
Of his *Euryalus*, ſo dear;
For *Salias* now coming neat,
He ſeiz'd ſo fiercely on his ſhoo,
That *Salias* comes headlong too.
Salias got up, as mad as Weeſel,
Dings a good duſt at *Niſus* muzzle;
Niſus holds faſt, and which is worſe,
ets his cursd fangs in *Salias* Arſe.
Niſus gripes hard, and rudely tears:
alias curſes, damms, and ſwears:

Niſus

Niſus is deaf, and nothing hears,
But keeps him there, ſpite of his ears.
Euryalus, thanks to his face,
Thus got the Goal, and won the race.
The rabble ſhout, and tear the Air,
Favouring *Euryalus* the fair.
They that beheld the real truth,
Niſus and *Salius*, Arſs and Mouth;
Cry'd out hey now for our Town!
Hold *Niſus*, hold, the Towns our own.
The ſecond man was *Helymus*;
And *Diores* the third, ſo cloſe
He trod upon his heels that day,
Men fear'd a quarrel by the way.
But as it ſeems, they were more wary:
They'd other fiſh to fry, then tarry.
Then *Salius* came with great complaints,
Swearing by all his Gods and Saints,
That they had rob'd him of his fat Ox
While plaguy *Niſus* ſeiz'd his buttocks.

Dior

Diores intercedes for him,
As one he thought had loſt a limb;
That ſince his luck was like his hurt,
He might have ſatisfaction for't.
Æneas ſcarce refraining laughter,
Yet as a curteous moderator,
Come, come, quo he, ceaſe difference,
Ye ſhall have all due recompence:
Therefore, quo he, as friends embrace,
And kiſs now in another place.
And ſo the injury was repayd,
With Morrion made like Lyons head;
The ears and eyes were all of gold
And eke the teeth, fine to behold.
So rich that *Salius* not deny'd,
But he was fully ſatisfy'd.
Then *Niſus* for to get comfort
Preſents himſelf all mire and dirt,
From head to foot a *Branford* quag,
About him never a clean rag:

Now you may well obſerve, quo he,
How my miſfortunes vanquiſh'd me;
And made me look ſo like a beaſt,
For being nimbler than the reſt.
Æneas could not chuſe but ſmile;
Grieve not quo he, at Fortune vile;
For here is thy reward; with that
He gave him a moſt precious Hat,
Of damask silk, it was notorious.
For Feather and for work ſo curious.
By *Didimaon* wrought ſo neat;
Quoth *Niſus* then, by *Mahomet*
I'le weare thy hat both morn and noon-day,
On every Holiday and Sunday.
He lyes in's throat, that ſhall miſcall
Our Captain, that's ſo liberal.
The Race thus finiſh'd without ſquabling,
All anger laid aſide and brabling,
The Racers well content and merry;
My maſters Time for none will tarry;

So said *Æneas*, the *Minheer*,
Besides, quo he, bring *Cestus* here.
Now you must know what *Cestus* was;
A plaguy Poultice for weak jaws:
A little touch with a weak hand,
And presently a man was brain'd:
A certain cursed Castanet
For men to dance the broken pate.
Two Iron Brickbats, each a Ring;
Which he that best can weild and swing,
To pound his Adversaries Pole,
Was vanquisher of body and soul.
To this same sport, that so men mauls,
Æneas his Companions calls.
Quo he, the man that has the heart
For a prize that is not worth a fart,
To venture brains, or loss of lymb,
Let him come purchase my esteem.
The Victors prize shall be a Cow
With forehead plated you know how:

With plates of ſilver and of gold,
And linnen vaile about her ſhould-
Ers, white, and delicately ſtarch'd,
Like woman going to be Church'd.
Beſides an inſtrument of death,
Eclep'd a ſword, in Ivory ſheath.
And eke a Morrion, none oth'worſt.
Some ſaid, he would have given that firſt;
But then conſidering again,
If he gave one he muſt give twain,
They ſaw it was the wiſeſt plot.
For purſe was his, the limbs were not.
When any one is bruis'd enough,
Quo he, and wiſhes to leave off;
Let him while he his hands can uſe,
Hold up his hand, or cry Kings ſcruce;
If hands be maul'd confoundedly,
Bid ſome good friend that ſtandeth by.
Thus ſaid the *Ceſtus* was brought out
At ſight whereof like one devout

They

They lookt with setled countenance,
The view on't put 'em in a trance.
So that for all his cunning coaxing
None seem'd to love this kind of boxing.
At length not fearing Lymb nor torture
Dares appears, a vast Wine-Porter,
Who only could hold *Paris* tack,
At this same play makes others cack.
Who for to honour the memory
Of valiant *Hector* had the glory.
With this abominable weapon
To knock down *Butes* like a Capon.
The best that ever was at cussing,
Without a Ly or any hussing.
Amyclus vast in strength and burden,
And *always* bred at the Beargarden,
Begot this *Butes* on a whore,
That was half woman, half a mare.
When *Dares* did himself present,
It bred a great astonishment,

His ſhoulders to behold, all bones,
As big and ſtronger than Milſtones;
His Arms were rather Bull-conſounders;
In Paper-Mills you ſee ſuch pounders.
Now the *Goliah's* ſtrength was all,
As for his brains they were but ſmall;
You would have laught to'have ſeen the noddy
To ſhew his mighty ſtrength of body,
How he did vainly cuff the Air.
Boreas himſelf did not come near;
And ſwung about his brawnie wriſts,
To ſhew what he could do with's fiſts.
And when h'had done, to ſee the Looby
How h'a faign'd to girn, like a great booby.
Sa, Sa, quo he, what is there none
Will let me break nor ſhin, nor bone.
What nere a Knight that has a mind,
To looſe his eyes, and to be blind?
This furious challenge was ſo diſmall,
That not a man would venture his mall.

Trojans

Trojans, *Sicilians*, all were dumb,
As if th'had felt the weight of's thumb.
Their Hector's now not worth a fart,
As if th'had neither souls nor heart.
Quo *Dares*, then the Cow is mine,
To day how bravely will I dine.
For who to Cow hath right more full
Than I that am so like a bull?
With that he took the precious Beast
By both the horns upon her Crest.
Bawling so loud, tell he was hoarse,
Who of ye all now by main force,
In hopes to eat a gallant supper
With fist can Cow set on her Crupper?
Chickens by *Jove*, you handle *Cestus*?
You kiss mine Arse. Hei-Captain *Festus*
(For so he call'd *Æneas* jeering,)
Must I stay here all day Pickeering?
As if I'had nothing else to choose,
But here stand making Childrens shoos.

As the Devil said to the Collier.

Till ſome fond Caponet ſhall come,
To be made Gelly by my thumb?
Find me a match that will conteſt,
Or let me carry away the Beaſt.
At which one mad, what ayles that fellow?
What ayles, quo he, that Bull to bellow?
Why ſo much raving, ſo much tearing?
Wee'l match his cock, for all his ſwearing.
Aceſtes through the Rabble flung,
As if a waſp his tayl had ſtung;
Cud boars, quo he, ſhall ſuch a thief
With pain ſo little get our beef?
Fuming he goes to ſeek *Entellus*,
Whom, of ſuch language nothing jealous,
He found ſtretch'd out upon a banck,
Smoaking *Jamayca*, curſed ranck;
For intereſt will not ly. Ye Logger head, quo he, is this
A time to ſleep and ſmoak, I wiſs?
When all our honours ly at ſtake?
Pox o'your drowſie hide——come—wake,—

And

And shew how thou in times of yore,
Hast cudgel'd many a lusty boar.
Hast thou forgot the prancks and the tricks
Which thou were wont to play with *Eryx*?
Eryx thy Master at this game?
To whom thou second art in fame.
Cuts-foot! shall daring *Dares* quell us?
While we have living brave *Entellus*.
How many spoiles of Butchers bones
Of Weavers Arms, and Dyers stones
Hang in thy Chimney up like bacon?
Of thy renown the certain token?
For shame then let not this wind-sucker,
At our disgrace thus sneer and snicker.
Quoth he, thy words are positive.
Tis not for fear as now I live,
That *Dares* thus I let alone;
But I am old and feeble grown.
Were I as young as I ha bin,
This Raskal that makes such a din

I'de pounce him ſo, that you ſhould ſee,
I'de make him ſoon cry me mer-cie,
To Cow or Calf without regard,
The ſlender motive of reward;
Only for glories ſake, ere this,
I'had made him ſtink for fear, or piſs.
That this is truth ye know full well
Yet that you may not take it ill,
To ſhew I ſpeak not words, but deeds;
I'le try one bout at Loggerheads.
If I am beaten, ſay tis Age,
And no defect of my courage.
Streight he flung down of diſmal batterie
Two fatal Engines, not to flatter ye,
Nor yet to chafe your wanton Nerves,
But for to ſtamp ye like conſerves.
Little they ſaid, meant plaguely;
Their very aſpect made men flee.
More afraid than hurt. *Dares* himſelf, to tell you true,
Likt'em ſo ill, he look't askew.

For they had on them fearful ſtains,
Of *Eryx* blood, and part of's brains.
Eryx who meeting at an Alehouſe,
With *Hercules* of's honour jealous,
Streight fell to blows, from blows to knocks,
The leaſt of which would kill an Ox.
What *Eryx* got by't, truely I
Think he might well put in his eye.
His eye! alas had there been leſs put,
They then had living had the *Toſs-pot*.
Dares beholding ſuch damn'd trophies,
Think ye that *Dares* ſuch an Oaf is,
Quo he, to venture life in field,
With weapons that he cannot weild.
Æneas thinking twas a ſcandal,
The mortal Engines needs would handle,
But when he felt their weight, quo he,
The Devil handle 'em for me.
Seav'n folded Ox-hides ſtuft with lead,
Some half a Tun in each, they ſaid,

With

With iron hoops and dev'lish nails,
Such as you see about Cart-wheeles.
Crossing himself, then said *Æneas*,
Per omnes meretrices meas,
viz. his Goddesses.
What hideous Tartar with a vengeance
Invented first these fatal Engins?
Puh! quoth *Entellus*; these are feathers;
Those with which *Hercules* strapt the Gathers
Of my friend *Eryx*, (peace be with him,)
And sent unto the *Elysian* frith him,
Were twice as big, and yet the Lubbers
Would weild those mighty Noddle-rubbers
As nimbly at each others coxcombs,
As they had been but little box-combs.
For my part cryes *Entellus* surder,
I likes this well, I'me cleare for murder.
But yet to shew I'me gamester fair too,
If he'l have other, there they are too,
I'le fight with any, ere spoyl play.
And ye shall cap me, as they say,

If at a blow or two at least,
You guess, not who shall have the Beast.
Then cry'd *Æneas* drunck with joy,
Troth godamercy brave old Boy.
Bring me a pair of Maul cheeks hither;
But not so heavy as the other:
Others were brought, and after tryal,
Approv'd without the least denyal,
Both for their bigness and their huffing,
By Doctors in the Art of cuffing.
One takes *Entellus*; t'other *Dares*,
Saying a hundred *Ave-Maries:*
For it had almost turn'd his stomak;
Entellus shape did such a shew make.
Such shoulders, Buttocks, bones so hideous,
A Chine so nervous, brest prodigious.
For to say truth he nothing hid;
Both shirt and coat were layd aside.
If shirt he had, for else you know,
What he had not, he could not shew;

Belonging to Beargarden Colledge.

And

And in matter of such weight
Men must be cautious to speak right:
Zabarel l. For if he had no shirt, and I,
200 Do say he had, I tell a ly.
But now behold'em in their traces,
Making wry mouths and Monkey-faces,
They dance *Step stately* to take aim,
Who first should give the first damn'd maim.
At first they slightly seem'd to skirmish,
But straightway fury growing warmish,
One gives the other plaguy palt,
Which was return'd the next assault:
Young *Dares* was more nimbly stout,
Entellus was the stronger Lout.
With weapons pois'd, and fists erect,
With burning eyes and fierce aspect,
They now lay on sans feare or wit,
As if they car'd not where they hit.
Their Lungs are tir'd and breath in vain,
Their naked Members pant amain.

Such

Such force have bumping blows apply'd,
To *Diaphragma*, or the side,
Secundum artem, as they knew,
To make men vomit black and blew.
Sometimes a loving blow did miss,
Then t'other was not griev'd I wis.
Streight you might hear his guts cry twang,
And t'others skul ring with the bang.
While all his reason takes her flight,
T'had been no reason else, by this light.
Sometimes with stroaks strook unawares,
They only rub each others ears.
Dares with many a nimble leap,
At old *Entellus* head doth skip-
Unweildy he stands stiff and tough,
Without recoyling from the cuff.
While *Dares* with a dreadful eye,
Stood watching his huge Enemy.
Woe worth that rib which he shall find,
But once ungarded to his mind)

You might have believed him without swearing.

As

As men that Walls and Caſtles batter,
Seeke weakeſt place to make 'em totter,
And having found what they intended,
With all their fury thither bended.
Mauling and battering their *inſiſtunt*,
Though th'had as good perhaps a piſt on't.
Thus *Dares* watching ſtill for harm,
Caught from the bold *Entellus* Arm,
Harm watch harm catch Such a damn'd lick athwart the back,
As made his very bum-ſtrings crack.
Dares, but how the Devil't twas done,
Is paſt my apprehenſion,
Returns him ſuch a thumping *quitt*,
As for his quo, 'twas out of debt.
Theſe blowes each equalled in ſtreſs,
Some twenty pounds or little leſs.
And *Virgil* ſaies in his relation,
That the through force and indignation
With which *Entellus* ſtrook and miſt,
His aged Trunck the Graſs-plot kiſt.

That he fell down all hands agree,
Let them that doubt the truth go see.
And more than that too a shrew'd signe,
They say he fell like mighty Pine.
There lay the huge *Entellus* sprawling:
For joy the *Trojans* fell a bawling;
While he enraged at the flounce,
Doth all his Gods at once renounce.
Acestes and *Æneas* brave,
Both willing the old man to save,
Where er'e they had it, got a Crane,
And so they cran'd him up again;
Being got upon his heeles once more,
Six lustie Common oaths he swore,
Though for his manners such a sot,
That all his thanks he quite forgot.
Having recover'd now his place,
With rage in heart, and shame in face
Finding what ere he yet had done,
But fleabites in comparison.

Proud spirits had rather be damn'd than suffer disgrace.

Quo he, now let him look to his hittings,
By *Jove* I'le handle him without mittins.
Poor *Dares* was in great dejection,
Seeing *Entellus* Reſurrection.
He that before thought worſt was paſt,
Seeing his foe ſo rudely caſt,
And therefore ſang his *nunc dimittis*,
Now at the end of all his wit is.
There was no way but guard to keep,
Better h'd been in's bed aſleep.
T'other lay's on cuff after cuff,
Not minding whither's skin be buff.
His bended clutches damn'd *Memento*;
Make flying *Dares* daunce *Coranto's*
Entellus bounty fell like hail,
Not ſparing either head or tayl.
Dares afraid his reaſons houſe
(Though he had ſcarce ſo much as gooſe)
About his batter'd ears ſhould tumble,
Was half ith'mind in manner humble.

Four ſtrong men are not always the wiſeſt.

To

To crave in time a Letter of Licence.
He lik't not banging ſans defeizance.
While t'other labors all he can
To make a window to his brain.
Dares was in condition ſad,
His face was ſwell'd big as his head,
His head was ſwell'd as big as his hat,
And he himſelf juſt falling flat
Upon his bloody bruiſed noſe;
When all in haſt *Æneas* throws
Himſelf between the blowes ſo thick:
Good faith 'twas well he came ith'nick.
For had he had but one more thwack
Upon his head or his Sto—mack
Dares had given the Crows a pudding;
And Death had come before his Wedding.
For now *Entellus* Clawes were up,
And falling juſt was fatal ſwop.
But juſt in time *Æneas* ſpruce,
And brave *Aceſtes* cry'd, *Kings ſcruce.*

With coaxing words *Æneas* mellows
The bloudy heart of vex'd *Entellus*.
Good words apeaſe wrath.
Good Sir quo, he your wrath forbear,
Man ſtout at Cuffs, as ere ſtole Deere,
Next time ſhall *Dares* learn more manners
Then let his wits be his Trappanners,
Thus to provoke a man whoſe wriſts
Can powder Rocks of *Amethiſts*;
With nailes like fleas crack *Adamants*;
And puff down Armed *Elephants*.
Theſe gentle words made Gaffer *Thwackſides*
Moſt patiently lay by his Ox-hides.
Such credit had *Æneas* there,
Quo he, your will be done *Menheire*.
Then Sir *Æneas*, turning face
To him that was in doubtful caſe;
So bruis'd and batter'd, and ſo ſwel'd,
(He ſcarſe could ſtand unleſs upheld)
Made him to the beſt of my memory,
This pithy ſpeech conſolatory.

Hold

Holding him gently in his arms,
Quo he thou needs not others harms,
For well thy own, without a book,
Now teach thee with both eyes to look
Before thou leapst, and not to venture,
Before thou knew'st thy bold Attempter.
Had not thy Foe been very handsome,
He had destroy'd thee without Ransome.
For now confess and speak as true man,
Do you believe his hand was human?
As sure as thou wert bang'd to day,
He keeps the Devil himself in pay.
Therefore, if legs will beare thee, go,
Weake boxer of the driving snow,
Go get a Surgeon, Noble *Festus*,
And dream no more of pounding *Cestus*.
The poor young knave all soare with banging
His neck upon his shoulders hanging,
Eyes sunck in a black quag of butter,
Or flesh well churm'd, few words could utter.

All this should have been said before.

But ſoftly cry'd to ſhow's reſpects,
Farewell Sir, till I ſee you next.
He could no more in Proſe nor Rhyme,
Nor had he courage at that time
To bring his fingers to his chin
To ſee what teeth remain'd within.
His beard was all bedaub'd to ſee a
With a damn'd ſoul *Haimoragia*.
The place where Noſe ſtood, you might know it
But here take hold on't for to blow it.
The *Trojans* they came all to *much* him,
He wiſh'd 'em damn'd that did but touch him.
For ſo his batter'd Corps did ſmart,
That every touch went to his heart.
Then *Dares* two Companions choſe,
To comfort up his broken Noſe.
But both the Crown and eke the beaſt
Entellus got by dint of fiſt.
Who now like toad on waſhing-block,
With conqueſt ſwell'd, thus gan to mock.

Weak

Weak *Trojan* fops both young and old
That enviously this day behold
The Victory that I have won;
Come see what more I could have done,
See against what a firking foe,
Your *Dares* stript from top to toe!
Had ye not drag'd his *Homo-Plater*
From our inevitable slaughter.
You should have seen how I had rub'd him,
And mong the Devils belly bub'd him.
This said his furious fist he clutch'd,
And twixt the horns so rudely touch'd.
The Bulls head, that from head of Bull
Came brains and blood a Kettle full.
So died the Cow without adiew,
Or making will in minutes few.
Then with a heart full of repentance,
And mind prepar'd for pious sentence,
He cry'd beholding the blew skie,
With doleful face and blubbring eye.

Though the Rhime made it a Bull 'twas otherwise a Cow.

Eryx, to thee, my Counter-part,
I give this Bull with all my heart,
For *Dares* ſake, who has my prayers
The beſt of living Cudgel—players.
Here will I Chappel build, or Peſt-houſe
Where horns ſhall hang and eke my *Ceſtus*.
If *Dares* dy here ſhall he be
Entombed likewiſe, cloſe by me.
No queſtion we ſhall then agree.
They that *Entellus* ſaw turn'd Prieſt,
Yet knew he was a damn'd Atheiſt,
Rais'd ſuch a ſhout at his converſion,
As ſhook the Earth like Ague tertian.
So long this hubbub did continue,
'Twas fear'd that ſome would break a ſinew.
Which made *Æneas* in compaſſion,
And for another dirty faſhion,
Which was to have no ſhouting known,
At any ſpeeches but his own.
Enough quo he, enough I ſay;

Ho

How long must I hear Asses bray?
I'de rather a had a pack of knaves,
Than such a crew of simple slaves.
Enough this curs'd Cow killing sport,
There's none but one the better for't;
Come bring me out your Bows and Arrows
And if ye needs will kill, kill sparrows.
Thus having got some good Companions,
All in a row like ropes of Onions,
Quo he bring hither Galley Mast,
And set it me upright and fast;
First having ty'd at top of it,
A Pigeon, or a Clout beshit,
It matters not so mark be hit.
The lots were thrown into a hat,
Or Helmet, 'tis the same thing that:
At which they fum'd like a hot toast,
To see that Fortune rul'd the roast:
For each one fear'd to be put out
From being one should hit the clout.

For he was Dominus fac totum] *Æneas* ſaid he'd have but four;
And who durſt ſay then, he'd ha more,
But four then drawing, ſtone-blind *Chance*
Ilippocoons Honour did advance.
A fatal murderer of wild-Ducks,
A foe profeſt to Dawes and Rooks;
The ſecond fool whom fortune favours
Was Miſter *Meneſteus*, a Sea-Mavors,
Whoſe [head with Olive had been crown'd,
For ſwimming well, and not being] drown'd.
Of whom I ſhall ſay little more,
Since I have ſaid ſo much before.
Maſter *Eurytian* was the third;
He'd hit a Curran in a turd.
Which made him cry'd up for an Archer.
His brother yet was much the archer;
His brother *Pandarus*, wot ye well,
Who taking bow of pliant ſteel,
Without ſo much as one *bear leave*,
The Cuckold *Menelaus* gave

Such

Such a dam'd prick through buttocks each,
That *Helen* nere so claw'd his breech.
Acestes was the last forsooth,
Who although old, with so much *Youth*
Would needs contest for skill and strength;
What he got by't you'l know at length.
Hippocoon his goggle eyes
Casting a thousand times to the skies,
First hit the top oth' mast, I trow:
A lower shot, had been below:
The bird with that affrighted, try'd
T'have flown away, but she was ty'd.
And so she only flapt the Ayr;
He did no more as I can hear;
While bird thus flutter'd on the wing,
Menestheus shoots and cuts the string:
Whether the bird, do you now think,
That but ere while for fear did stinck,
Now finding Leve to be light,
Did not make hast to mend her flight.

But

But ſhame on all Ill luck ſay I,
That faſter then a bird will fly,
How orderly this bird was killd? firſt frighted, then the ſtring cut, Then rump ſlic'd. For as the Bird was on the wing,
Eurytion ſnapt his fatal ſtring:
Though ere he drew, he made a prayer,
To Brother *Pandarus* in his ear,
The which his brother ſoon did heare.
And ſo as bird was tripping off,
(Not dreaming but ſhe had been ſafe)
The Arrow peirc'd her pretty rump,
And made her turn up belly trump.
'Twas then no time to take advice
How to avoid the fatal ſlice;
Streight with a vengeance down ſhe come,
Like one that feard not bruiſing bum.
He that the day came after fair
Was now *Alceſtes*, by compare.
Ther's nothing left for that old fop,
Leſs he would ſet his own head up.
But what ſaid the *Facetious* Drole,

Quo he I'le not be made a fool,
Suppose that yonder sate an Owle,
Where bird was ty'd; why may not I
My brother hit? by *Jove* I'le try.
He drew, but wonderful to see
His dart became a prodigie.
A prodigie that friz'd the hair
Of every morral that was there.
'Twas here a dart, but mounting higher
I'th air becomes a flame of fire.
Like whizzing Rocket up it goes
Had Owl been there, 'thad sing'd his nose.
Or else as *Pub.* says better far,
Like *volant* or crinited starr.
In English certain flying jigs,
Or stars with flaming Perriwigs.
The flame continued while it could,
That is to say while there was wood,
But fewel wanting due recruite,
The fire went out without dispute.

One of Feltons resolv's

Upon the whimsical adventure
Was many a thousand peradventure;
A hundred strange Enthusiasms;
Lights new as that, and fond phantasms
The most renowned *Augurs* ply'd
Their painful studies, and discry'd
A thousand stories and keck shoes,
To lead the doubtful by the noses.
The *Phrygian* Conjurers could not rest
Sicilian Bards were all possest.
Nay all the Rabble had a maggot,
Bigger in head the stick of faggot.
Æneas in a pious frolick
Pulls from his neck a certain relick,
It was a chain of gold, at which,
There hung a medal very rich.
'Twas all of broyld St. *Lawrence* left,
And grav'd upon an Agat haft;
To that annext in Christal hung
The very Cole that burnt Saint's tongue.

Thus

Thus gifted came he to *Aceſtes*;
Great Sir, to you my deep proteſt is,
That for an Archer there was none
Was ever fit to wipe your ſhoon.
Who would the Devil himſelf not blame,
Not having ſeen, to credit fame?
For who can think that did not ſee,
That thou couldſt little bit of tree
In th'Ayr at diſtance come to fire,
By *Jove* it maketh me admire.
Fore *George*, as I am come of woman,
Jove owes thee kindneſs more than common.
As for my part, the heavens protect thee,
Like my dead father I reſpect thee,
And than my Mother ten times better,
If now I ly, then hell me fetter.
What though the priſes all be gon,
Thou ſhalt have preſents of our own,
To ſatisfy for thy ill luck,
That mark ſo ſurely from thee took.

For to ſay truth many that ne're ſaw it doubt it to this howre.

With

With that he made him three low leggs
And gave him the foremention'd jigs.
And more then all that, ſomething more,
(Which I it ſeems forgot before.)
A goblet of a maſſie weight,
A work emboſs'd moſt accurate,
This cup ſo trimm'd with fine devices
Was for a fairing, ſent *Anchiſes*
By *Ciſſus* a good friend of his,
Who living, Club did never miſs;
But being dead, yet every night,
In dear remembrance of old Knight,
Anchiſes made the Goblet weep,
Till both forgot, he fell aſleep
To make the Ceremony ſtanch,
He Crown'd him with an Olive branch;
A moſt exceeding favour that,
Becauſe he ſeldom wore his hat.
Eurytion nothing envious
To ſee him firſt rewarded thus,

Æneas wisdom did approve;
Æneas thank't him for his love,
And gave him eke a good reward;
For civil men by civil regard
To generous spirits, seldom loose.
Menestheus had his old shooes.
Hippocoon two nutmegs guilt:
For where the text implays a guilt;
By mentioning no gifts at all;
We judge the gifts were very small.
From Archerie to Horsmanship
They next proceed with spur and whip.
Epirides the first appear'd
With chin conceal'd in monstrous beard;
He was *Ascanius* Padagouge.
A most austere ars-firking dog
But yet esteem'd as learn'd a Sir John,
As ere was bred up at the Sorbon.
He could compose a Catch or Cannon,
And verses make with *George Buchannan*.

Native

Native of *Rion* in *Auvernia*,
But plagu'd with a diſeaſe call'd *Hernia*.
Soon as he came before his betters
He ſhewd himſelf a man of Letters,
Making a hundred ugly ſcrapes,
Like Scholar that the Courtier apes.
Æneas ſoon as one could wake him,
Spies formal fool, and thus beſpake him;
Epirides where's my *Cock-Robin*?
Will he a while leave placket-bobbing,
And for a Steed leave riding wenches?
Then give him Horſe fit for his inches.
Where's all the other younger fry,
Have they their Courſers fit to fly,
To let the world know by their fooling;
Their parents gave'em no mean ſchooling?
Go quickly then and fetch'em all:
Epirides with legs ſo ſmal
And Thighs as dry as Kixes, though
As ſwift as arrow out of bow,

Made

Made so much haſt, that ſome proteſt,
He leapt full thirty foot at leaſt,
At every leap; for ſuch men fly
Always, when th'are in Maſters eye.
Returning like the flowing ſurges,
With a whole troop of young St. Georges.
They were as plump, and loo'd as fairly
As hogs, that ly all day ith' *Barly.*
Their Horſes like a ſeveral bride,
Both necks and tayles with Ribands ty'd.
Inn's a Court gentlemen all they were,
And every one a ſling did weare.
Not to ſling love-ſongs croſs the way,
But ſlugs and ſtones in deadly fray.
Arrows and Bows did others weare,
Which Parents gave at *Bartholmew Fair.*
For then were no ſuch things to ſmoak ye,
As fierce Dragooners under *Okey.*
But others like your French *gens d'armes,*
Had Spears and Lances for their Armes.

Their right paws were in Gantlets cas'd,
And roaring feathers hats embrac'd.
About their necks they Cuiraſs had,
Of double guilded Lattin made.
Some for right mettle did them hold;
But all that gliſters is not gold.
Three Captains lead three neat ſquadrons,
With Scarfs of *Lindſey Woolſey* Aprons,
For in three ſquadrons were the Chuffs,
Diſtinguiſhed one by *Spaniſh* Ruffs.
The next were hats with Steeple-Crowns,
The third the *Switzers* Bonnet ownes.
One of theſe Chiefs that was no daſtard,
Of poor *Politus* was the Baſtard.
The younger ſon of *Priamus*,
Who knockt down *Neoptolemus*;
In Pages Trouzes up he mounts,
A Carriers horſe, by all accounts,
But ſuch a one, that dreſs him well
Would clear outrun the Divel of Hell.

For the uſe of Colours was not then in faſhion.

And

And sooner would he leap a River,
Than some a Cart-rut should get over.
The next to him was *Asys* hight,
Julus love, and sole delight.
Though to be plain, if all tales are true,
More for his tayl, than for his vertue.
What Horse he had, Gelding or Mare,
Virgil is pleas'd to speak to spare,
But questionless the trade he drove,
Got him well mounted for his Love.
Some men admire why such a one,
Is favour'd by a mighty *Don*;
But search the grass well with your eyes,
And you shall see where the Snake lies.
Ascane as young, last in degree,
Was yet the first in quality.
His gaudy coat and feather'd hat
Made all the people cry, who's that?
But far beyond his glittring garb,
His Courser was a Chestnut Barb.

Not ſuch a ſhap'd or nimble ſteed,
Did all the fields of *Siden* breed.
'Twas *Didos* guiſt, though when ſhe made it,
Had ſhe known all, he ner'e had had it.
This Horſe was only fit to ſhow
On *Whitſun-holidays* or ſo;
He was a perfect Ram for Capring;
And many a Knight for all his vap'ring,
Unleſs he held faſt by his Creſt,
Would put him in danger of his Cheſt.
But let him all his jades tricks try,
Run Valley low, or Mountain high.
Or play the Divel on all four,
Julus ſate him like a Tower,
So well he govern'd hand and foot,
As he had been *George Caſtriot*,
Or one of *Don* of *Auſtria's* Riders;
Which he's a Coxcomb that conſiders.
For all the other meaner ſquires
Acceſtes common Hackneys hires.

Geldings

Geldings for some, for others Mares,
With Fillies pricking up their ears.
The *Trojans* clapt their hands by dozens,
Seeing the Children of their Cousens.
Here some of whom they knew the Mothers,
There some their own, though got by others,
And every one as fine as sippence,
And and all prepar'd to run for thrippence.
See youth, cries one, on yonder Mare,
Mothers n'own boy, both lip and haire
'Twas pretty thus to hear'um read,
How living face was like the dead.'
Such pretty cheeks with pretty dimples,
You shall not see in both the Temples.
Though then they look'd a little whitish,
For fear least Courser should prove skittish.
At length when every pretty Elf
Had in his Saddle fix'd himself.
Epirides with nimble flack,
Makes whipcord briskly cry smack-smack,

At which they all alarum take;
Far better, than their Steeds, divining
By ſound of whip-cord, Pedants meaning.
Streight the three ſquadrons they divide
In bodies two, or *Maro* ly'd.
Some fly away, while ſome purſue,
And at their backs with ſwitches flew.
But feeling ſmart, make head again,
Ribroſting t'others for their pain.
Weary of being thus lambaſted,
Eft-ſoons to milder ſport they haſted.
Here three to three, there two to two,
There more, (hey toſs what's here to do!)
They prance and friſk it to and fro;
Foe runs in full career at foe;
When to accord the ſturdy knee,
And skilful trip, with *Hait* or *Gee*,
(Which horſes learn without much trouble)
In full career they make a *double*;
So Huntſmen ſay; but Horſemen, turn;

Turn let it be then, for I scorn
Much contradiction; that's to say,
They did as girls that dance the Hay.
These pretty *Turn-again-Whittingtons*,
Made by these Gentlemens eldest sons
Their cross careirs, Turns whole and half,
Which *Father* made and *Mother* laugh,
Were like the Labyrinth so pretty,
Once fram'd by *Dædalus* the witty,
To *Minos* Sarjeant-Carpenter.
Within whose walls as men did err,
Or go astray, or vainly wander,
Not knowing tricks of gay *Meander*;
So these young sprouts of *Troy* renown'd,
Sometimes their *Horses* turning round,
Now running in a streight careir.
And sometimes *doubling* here and there,
Like nimble Dolphins seem'd to play,
Like Dolphins in the *Lybic* Sea.
When *Boreas* bold, thank *Boreas* for't,

Is pleas'd not to disturb their sport.
Then out comes *Fleabit* and *Tregonnel*
And *hey* for *Strawberrie*, that last won all.
Some run for Crowns, and some for Guinies,
The cunning Jockies cheat the punies.
But last of all, that which was most,
They rais'd a *most confounded* dust.
And thus you see these youths so cranck
Shew'd Parents many a pretty pranck
Which afterwards *Julus*, He
That founded *Albas* fair Citee.
Becoming King most powerful,
Did recommend by special Bull,
Unto his Race of *Romans* bold,
For to observe and eke to hold,
As sacred to their fathers names,
By Title of the *Trojan* Games.
And thus you see what slight occasions
Men take sometimes to Cajole Nations
While wise *Æneas* thus imployes,

Being a notable politician.

His

His time in gaping upon boyes,
Fortune, who being of *Greek* extraction,
(And therefore of the Grecian faction)
Hated a *Trojan* at her heart;
Resolves to shew him to his smart,
Another of her plaguy dog-tricks,
Juno, old *Priam's* dear Exec'trix,
More full of mischief than a Page,
Plump as a Tike with female rage,
To trusty Gossip, *Iris* hies,
A practis'd bitch in telling lies,
Juno her mind did soon impart,
Which *Iris* had as soon by heart,
Quo she, for words there needs no pumping,
I know your meaning by your mumping:
So brib'd with promises and dollars
She flung an old scarf ore her Colours;
Away she cuts her airy passage,
To prosecute her damn'd Ambassage.
And as she went, her legs she shews,

What won't great people do for their own ends.

Full

Full neatly clad in crimſon hoſe
Well gar ter'd too, above the knee,
As they affirm, that both did ſee.
Slow was her pace, for being plump
She fear'd to fret her tender rump.
From *Arcady*, without a wherry,
She quickly croſt the Ocean ferry.
And cauſe the Road was ſtraight and free,
She was not long from *Sicily*,
Where ſhe beheld, in Armor glittering
The lazy *Trojans* ſcaperloytring
The Fleet was left like Theif in Mill,
Or to be gon, or ſtay, at will.
Nor Dog to bark, nor boy to baul,
What ever danger ſhould befall;
Both boys and dogs were all ago
To ſee my *Lord Æneas* ſhow.
The women by themſelves afar,
Were private from theſe acts of warr
As 'twere in publick hugger mugger,

Clawing

Clawing away the sack and Sugar,
Till crying ripe, the wine intices
Some to bewail defunct *Anchises.*
While others at misfotnune wept;
Well well-quo one, time was I kept
As good a house for E*ast-cheap* beef,
As she that was Church-Wardens wife;
And for good Pewter and for Brass
And dining Room rub'd with a gloss,
I had as good as most ith' Parish
Though some perhaps might make more flourish
How long shall Ladies nice of stomack
Be forc'd to ly in swabbers *H*amock?
How long shall women bred so squeamish?
Ly nose in ars midst *Hogo's* flemmish?
Others that were more finely *Maudlin*
Call'd poor *Æneas* Goose and Codlin,
Come, come, I love to speak, cries one,
Theres Captain turd, let him alone,
Let him but drink while he can see,

He cares not what betides poor we,
He crams his guts as at a wedding,
While we are glad of hafty pudding.
Where is the City that he promis'd?
I doubt I ſhall be ana—tomiz'd.
Ere that day come: he might ha'had
Cities enough, would he have ſtaid;
But he would needs have to'ther toſs.
Your rowling ſtones ne're gather moſs.
While cups and tongues thus faſt do move,
As both for nimbleneſs had ſtrove,
Iris that ſaw their drunken poſture.
Quits ſhape divine betokning moiſture;
With ſtaff in hand, on eyes ſpectacles,
Like wife of *Doricles*, her ſelf ſhe tackles,
And old Witch that had liv'd ſo long,
She had forgot that ſhe was young,
For the reverſion of whoſe joynture,
The fifteenth race had cry'd, God Saint her.
Though ſhe were old, yet ſhe was ſubtle,

And

And to the purpose well could prattle.
My Grannam *Berce* she was hight,
Though dark with age, the Ages light.
Mischievous *Iris* in this form
Appears in midst of all the Chirm,
To whom as soon as she could make,
'Em hold their clacks these words she spake, *Which she was half a day a doing*
Poor women, Poor unhappy women!
Companions only now for *S*eamen,
*H*ow long with grief must ye contend,
Oh where shall be your sorrows end?
*H*ad ye not better that the *Dolopps*
Had long since cut ye into Collops?
Then from vexation of your souls
Y'had lain secure among the Moles.
Rather than thus to live at *S*ea
Half dead with hunger every day:
Your hands that fanns did only dandle,
Now forc'd the rugged Oar to handle,
Distress'd inhabitants of Pinnaces.

To whom the Sea deſtruction menaces.
That live in boats, where ticks and fleas,
Without reſpect of perſons ſeize:
Rather then lead a life ſo fell,
Women had better live in *Hell*.
'Tis now ſeaven years, or little leſs
That you in cold and heats diſtreſs,
Poor wrinkled weather beaten Madams
Lead by the noſes like *Jack Adams*,
In vain do hunt the flying ſhore,
Which Fate has promis'd ten times ore;
A tale that I ſhall nere believe,
Nor pin my faith upon her ſleeve.
Let her go on and vainly coax
Our credulous leader, *John*, *Anoaks*.
A quartan Ague ſtop his Lungs.
For him we have endur'd theſe wrongs;
But heres anow, lets have a care:
Why can't we tarry where we are?
What ailes this Country? tis both good

And

And Govern'd by our flesh and blood.
Let's build a Town among our kindred,
Our freind *Aceſtes* nere will hinder't.
There we may play our wanton tricks,
Not subject to the Oceans freaks.
Our Country Gods I pity too,
Han't they a fine time? what think you?
Snatch't from the rage of *Grecian* Robbers.
To be made Cabin-boys and Swobbers
Fools! can we hope for so much joy,
Ere to revisit your old Troy?
Or *Symois*, fam'd for *Morehens* plenty?
Or *Xanthus* nere of Gudgeons emptie?
Then let's go burn those pocky Vessels;
That are not fit to harbour *Weasels*.
This night my candle burning blew,
Cassandras Ghost my Currains drew,
Quo she, why wander ye like *Tartars*?
In *Sicily* take up your quarters.
What will ye always live like Barnacles?

That

That may have Towns like *Athens*, or *Naples*.
Always be ſwimming on the Seas,
Like VVidgeons or like *Soland* Geeſe?
Burn then thoſe fly-boats, why d'ye tarry?
If husbands chafe, ye have your Lurry.
Behold four Altars newly rais'd
Where ſacrifices lately blaz'd.
To *Neptune* for ſome curteſies,
VVhere fire enough in Embers lies:
Find you but hearts, the Gods find flames,
Courage then, thrice Immortal Dames.
Take leave of damn'd ſeafaring trade,
And of the ſhips make a Grilliade
Be you but bold, I don't ſay cruel,
The Gods find fire, and yonder's fuel.
This having ſaid the plaguy ſtrumpet,
Takes up a brand, and ſtead of trumpet,
Blowes the hot coal, to wake the flame,
Go then, ſhe cry'd ith' Devils name.
VVith that ſo ſwift ſhe flung the brand,

As sent it soon to journeys end.
And where as soon, it was apparent
He dally'd not to tell his arrant.
Dames, that before nere saw such jigs,
Began to stare like roasted Pigs;
They star'd so long you would have thought
Their very eyes would have dropt out.
They knew not what to think or say,
For all the stuff they had, there lay.
Here soft compassion to her Kettle,
There pity'd pinner stops her mettal.
Another gins her cheeks to wet,
In mercy to her Cabinet.
At length steps up an ancient Matron;
That *Priamus* by strings of Apron,
Had often lead, as being one,
Had nurs'd him many a Girl and Son;
Whom she their Primars also taught,
And firkt their royal tayls for naught.
This venerable peice of Age

Hight Pyrgo, more than Midwife ſage;
With voice like Kitten, when it mews,
Thruſting her neck out like a Gooſe,
Quo ſhe, let's not be over haſty,
To credit *Beroe*, ſhe's too too teſty.
Come, come my friends, I know what's what,
And I muſt tell ye——I ſmell a Rat.
She *Beroe*, ſhee's a lying ſlut;
She's no more *Beroe*, than my Scut.
Alas poor *Beroe's* ſick a bed,
Scarce an hower ſince I dreſt her head.
You might ha'believ'd her without ſwearing. And then ſhe ſwore the Devil take her,
That there was nothing worſe did make her;
Then that ſhe could not come to ſip,
And chat with us and ſmoke her pipe;
'Tis not for want of Love or Grace,
She came not hither to ſay maſs
For old *Anchiſe* in purgatorie.
But her old age, which makes me ſorry.
To ſee her made a ſtalking horſe

And that for miſchief, which is worſe,
No, no, this wench ith' Devils name,
Is come from Heav'n from *Jove's* good dame.
Her Armpits ſmel of Roſemary,
Which ſtrongly prove divinity.
Her lively aire, and feet's proceeding,
And eke her voice ſpeak heav'nly breeding
To little purpoſe thus ſpoke *Pyrgo*:
For not one ſoul believ'd her—*Ergo*.
Yet in reſpect to female Wizard,
They ſtood a while twixt hauk and buzzard.
They liked well *Sicilian* plains,
But Fate had ſo bewhim'd their brains
With windmils they ſhould have in *Latium*,
Which for the preſent much did daſh'em.
Iris that had no mind to dally
Seeing'em thus ſtand ſhally ſhally,
Streightway her ſelf *disheroiz'd*,
And in true ſhape re-Deitiz'd,
She through a cloud her bow diſplays,

And on her wings, with heavenly grace,
A whole and even courſe ſhe ſteers;
Then in a moment diſappears.
There was no need of doing more,
The *Trojan* women now give ore,
And now like boys in fields of Moor,
That go to pillage Baud and Whore;
In Troops moſt fiercely diabolic,
They take in hand their curſed Frolic.
Like people mad, or ſtark poſſeſt,
Acting what only rage thought beſt.
They ſack and pillage *Neptunes* Altars,
As if they nere had read their Pſalters;
Fate kiſs their tayls, and for *Æneas*,
They count him but a ſilly fleaas.
By theſe fierce Queans thus arm'd with fire
In hand and tayl and upper tire.
The Galleys kindled look like Torches.,
The flames are not for Spaniſh Marches,
But rather *a la mode de France*,

From

From Rope to rope they nimbly prance.
The *Turk* himself upon the Ropes,
Nere shew'd such strange Curvets and hops.
The Ropes they eat for Sausages
And on the Sails for Tripes they seize.
They dress'em not in Cook-room though,
But eat the Cookroom up also;
Yet could not master all, be't known,
They left the Furnace as a bone.
Down to the water they eat all,
But would not drink because 'twas small:
Flames nere so thirsty, understand ye,
No liquors love, but Wine and Brandy.
Eumelus all in hast comes posting,
To see what Women were a roasting;
The flames did so their business handle,
That he might see without a candle,
The matter was too too transparent,
And so he quickly had his errant:
Back he returns with horrid din,

But nimble ſparks too fleet for him
Had told before how ſtood affairs;
Alarum'd by thoſe Meſſagers,
The people all make to the ſhore:
Aſcane a horſeback gets before;
*D*amn'd *j*ades quo he the Devil confound ye;
But fires your friend, the Devil drown'd ye.
Paſſion makes any man miſtake.
What witchcraft thus poſſeſt ye all,
To burn our ſhips both great and ſmall?
A madneſs Græcian rage outſtrips,
They burnt our houſes, left our ſhips.
The pox poſſeſs and burn' you next,
A crew of whores, that Hell perplext,
And ſent from thence a plague to us.
Was ever Treaſon black as this?
Conſuming now our boats and ropes,
Y'have burnt the laſt of our hopes.
Accurſed Bitches, with black ſouls,
Blacker then are your own made Coles.
Whore's only fit to be ſtrappado'd,

And back and belly bastonadod.
Y'have brought me here with such a flutter,
That I have almost broke my crupper,
Besides the loss of all my sport,
Hell take your plaguy bon-fire for't.
This having said, with fury tost,
Like a blind man that staff had lost,
He threw his cap so hard toth'ground,
As made it back to's hand rebound.
Æneas like a Lacquie puffing,
Comes in at length swearing and huffing;
He look't like one besides his wits,
Tore his *Montero* all to bits;
But when the whole he understands,
He falls a gnawing both his hands;
Then in a passion out he roars,
Where are these jades, these plaguy whores!
Incarnate Devils, I'le quit their scores.
But cunning bitches once the feat
Being done had, sounded a retreat;

A neat invention to give him his hat without alighting.

Whip they were gon forſooth to piſs,
So general the engagement is;
That you might ſooner cut your throat,
Than ſee a Smock or Peticoat;
They had all found Daughter and Mother
In Rocks or Sands ſome hole or other.
Some in the next Woods refuge take,
For all their Arſes buttons make,
Seeing the Jades prancks they had plaid,
For *Iris* then they backward pray'd.
And ſpending on *Juno* in Follies free,
Of *Billingſ-gate* Artillery.
More mad at her that drell'd 'em in,
And jeeres 'em now out of their skin,
But ſtill the Veſſels they burn on,
Till maſſie Timber's almoſt gon.
Wiſe work i'faith for bearded Chins,
To leave their Ketches at thirteen's.
The colking made ſo thick a ſmoak,
As would a Chimney-Sweeper choak.

Hero's

Hero's like fools ſtood gaping on;
But all their ſtrength was uſeleſs grown.
Æneas being ſore diſtreſt,
To ſee the Devil make ſuch a Feaſt,
Bedaub'd and plaiſter'd with deſpair
Clawes his white skin and tears his hair,
To ſee his ſhips where hopes rely'd
By durty drabs ſo fricaſſy'd.
He tore his garments all he had
Which made his ſmirking Taylor glad.
And then his hairy breſt he ſhewed
All ſcabby to the multitude;
At length with voice of dying man,
He croſs'd his Arms, and thus ſpoke on.
O Jove of whom I never fail,
To ſpeak kind words, though in my *Ale*.
Ay me behold this fatal blaze,
Such nere befel in all your days;
For give me leave to let you know ſo,
Troys fire to this, was but a ſo, ſo;

If you have any kindneſs for's,
And that grey Mare ben't better Horſe;
If there be any ſmooth *Bordachio*
That does affect your ſmooth *Muſtachio*,
I mean, mong us, let me be him,
I'le ſtrive to pleaſe ye with my limb.
You ſhall have with me, bate extortion,
An ample younger brothers portion:
If this be pleaſing to your Grace
Laugh not but weep, lend weeping face,
And all the tears that you can ſhed
On ſhips with flames invironed;
Damn'd Sempſtreſſes wou'd they were whipt,
Have all our grand affairs unript;
And therefore *pour L'amour de dieu*
Give us ſome Rain or elſe ſome ſnow;
They'l be more welcome now, good ſooth,
Then ſhowers in Harveſt after drouth:
Rain pailfuls therefore for a ſpurt
Elſe I'le not give thee ſixpence for't;

Plain dealing's a jewel.

You have a Sun, that with his bucket
Knowes up again well how to pluck it.
Sometimes ye rain down hei! ding dong,
Giving your water for a song.
That *Holland* felt, nor drap *de berry*,
Are able to withstand the ferry.
And when we pray but for Ale quart,
Thou giv'st us *Winchester* measure for't:
Then if thou lov'st me, deare *Jove*, rain,
Rain for thy life and fill the main,
Till like a piss pot it run ore;
Never came rain to purpose more.
Give our your ships that are so hot all,
But one kind dram of thy full bottle.
Æneas had no sooner ended,
But a vast deluge straight descended:
Showers did not fall, but rather Rivers,
The *Trojans* look't like Cornish divers:
Æneas wash'd, began to scowl,
Though but just now, his very soul

For Juno was gone a Gossiping and knew not hing of his Petition.

He would have pawn'd for but one brimmer
The Gods could hardly pleaſe his humour.
To tell ye how fine feathers lookt
Like Capons tayles, how ſcarfs bemuck't
Had chang'd their Curious gloſſie hues,
Or the ſad fate of Calves-skin ſhoos,
Tis needleſs quite, for you may gueſs;
But's ſhips were in a better caſe;
For fire and water falling out,
The water hap't to be moſt ſtout,
And quickly maugre their welch heat,
Over the flames the victory get.
So that what ever did remain,
Was ſurely ſaved by the rain.
But though your flames were quench'd & ceas'd
Æneas could nor well digeſt
Theſe blowes of Fate, which made him muddy
And put him in a deep brown ſtudy,
What courſe to ſteer, or how t'app'y
To preſent evils, remedy.

Long

Long was he in a great quandary,
Whither to go his ways or tarry.
Pox o'these Oracles quo he,
They tell no truth that I can see.
Then up steps, an old *Cinque* and *Quatre*
Grave *Nautes* hight, whom *Jove* wise daughter
Chose from his Cradle for her Crony,
And with him often top'd *Stypone*.
A desperate Casuist, for he well
Aquinas knew, and *Zabarell*.
And for predictions a meer Lilly.
Only for Rimes Drammatic silly.
This Doctor taking streight, forsooth,
Æneas words out of his mouth
Æneas th'art a fool quo he,
Leave fretting and be rul'd by me.
Fortunes a Whore, a meer Gilflurt,
And scorns the more, the more ye court;
Let her be Pox't and hang'd for a Jade,
Throw thy Cap at her, and her aid.

Go

Go boldly, without fear or wit,
And hit that nail that will be hit.
Yet cauſe two heads are better than one
Aceſtes of your privy Coun——
Cel ſwear, he'l hear thee with a whiſtle;
And he's as ſhrew'd a man as *Cecil*.
For th'old and lame, knock'em oth'head;
Tis juſt like having babes to bed.
For lazie Truants, man or woman,
Turn'em a grazing on ſome Common:
Where if the rain or wind do trouble,
They may build huts with lome and ſtubble.
Which then, they for a Town may take,
And call't *Aceſtes* for his ſake.
But all the luſty ſwaggering blades,
That can both fight and raviſh maids,
Burn Villages and plunder Towns,
Swear oaths of all dimenſions,
Keep theſe as th'apple of your eye,
And be their chief, I'le tell ye why,

To murder all the innocent flock
That live by *Tibers* little brook.
But which shall shortly tos her nose,
Bove all the floods *Jo*: *Moxon* knows;
And spite of all their teeths compel
'Em to pay Custom and *Ga——bel*
Thus ends the Prophet Gaffer two-shoos:
For standing cold without Galoshoes,
The rhume his nose did tickle sore;
And sneezing forc'd him to give ore.
Æneas wits gon wool to gather,
Heed neither speech nor *Nautes* neither.
His busie pate was full of parables,
His soul was prickt as twere with sparables;
Thus paind like maid that weareth willow,
Quo he, Ile go consult my pillow.
Now was the night as dark as pitch is
And near the hour that favours witches;
When he tossing and tumbling lies,
Like one in Love above the eyes.

Or

Or vexed ſoul, when houer is fled,
That *Maudlin* ſwore ſhe'd come to bed.
Thus lying as he lay, tormenting
His brain-ſick noddle with inventing,
Up comes the Reverent *Anchiſes*
In the ſame Doublet, Hoſe and Breeches
As he was always wont to weare;
For knowing how his ſon did feare,
Beſides thoſe Devils, Rats and Ferrets,
Thoſe other Devils called Spirits,
And that an Apparition might
Make mad work with the ſheets by night
Thought fit to come in ſhape leſt dreadful
To him that had his breſt and head ful.
The Curtains drawn, he ſets him down,
And then quo he, God ſave ye Son.
Up ſtart's *Æneas* in a huddle,
And all affrighted, piſs'd a puddle.
For fear, though they were ſtrong as *Ludgate*
Will ſet ope any Mortal's Floodgates.

When

When Father cry'd in deep affection,
Hold water Son, ye have protection.
Go ring your shirt, and leave surmises
I am your Father old *Anchises*.
Jove that has quench'd the raging fire,
According to your own desire,
Has sent me here your brains to settle,
And not with fear your mind to nettle.
As for the old and the decrepit,
To that which *Nautes* says, give credit:
Tis good advice, and as sententious,
As *Huncks* ere gave to son licentious.
But those that can both say and do,
Let them go all along with you,
To *Tiber's* stream, to which are bred nigh
A warlike race, of a strange kidney.
That sling a Devil and half at once,
If e're they meet with any affronts.
But ere ye go to this same war,
You must go under ground d'y'hear,

And visit sable *Pluto*'s mannor.
Where I shall be to do thee honour;
And make thee welcome as a Prince,
As hath the old saying been long since.
For I am no tormented soul
But walk about upon parole.
In fields *Elysian* without fetters;
Where all your souls mark't with red letters,
Their several sports and pastimes take,
With Cards, or Bowles, or Ale and Cake.
There you shall meet a curteous Sibill
Which there men crédit next the Bible;
She'l go before you with a Lanthorn
To shew you ev'ry corner, and turn:
There you shall hear me make Tautologies.
Concerning all your Genealogies.
Which every day I con by heart,
As Children say their mornings part.
So Son adieu, the day appears;
I dare not tarry for my ears.

For

For when the Sun awakes the Daw's,
Hobgoblins eyes always draw straws.
Æneas in a plaguy fear,
Sneaks out his head and cries who's there?
Bow having now the night-Mare slain;
And rung his wits all in again,
He springs upon his tayl anon;
Quo he, what Father gon so soon?
Not stay and take a dram oth'bottle,
After the pains of so much twattle?
How is your heart so cruel grown?
So short a visit, and be gon?
Return again my dear Dadda,
And hear how well I yet can say,
Pray Father pray to God bless me:
That silly fear should so oppress me?
And make me thus forget all grace:
Dog in a Doublet as I was.
Then out he goes for tinder box,
But by the way so hard he knocks

His Princely ſhins againſt a Chair,
That paſſion urg'd could not forbear;
Quo he, pox take this dog my father,
To lead me thus I know not whither;
I warrant it an Inch-Inciſion,
The Devil take him with his viſion.
But by and by when pain was over,
And ſenſes did their ſeat recover,
His anger cooles, and he repents
Of his ungracious complements.
To make his peace he ſmoak'd the Room
With Frankinſence or ſome perfume.
A conſecrated Cheeſcake next,
If I am not beſides the Text,
(Though *Lipſius* and the *German* gang
Of Pedants only fit to hang,
Say 'twas a Fool) which merits faith
As giv'n to one that had no teeth.)
He gave old *Veſta*, old indeed,
Sh'had liv'd five thouſand years a Maid;

Now

Now call'd the Goddes mumble-Crust.
This offring finish'd, and in post
His mattins said, and *Ave Maries*,
He's fix'd again for new figaries.
He goes to find the Rabble out,
He tels his tale; they laugh and flout;
Until he swore by his Virginity;
And then they could not in civility
But credit every word he said.
Aceſtes readily obey'd,
And without making long discourse
Promis'd'em all his utmost force,
Æneas not to spoil his plot,
Resolves to strike while the Iron's hot.
He streight calls out the old and feeble
And women most unprofitable,
And all the dainty, Lazie blouses,
That ships forsake to live in houses.
He only kept with him the stout,
Such as would hold all weathers out

Of which one man would cudgel four,
And four would ribroſt half a ſcore.
In number few, but great in heart,
Not valuing danger of a fart.
The ſhips were preſently repair'd,
New Oars are fram'd, new maſts are rear'd.
New taffata Jacks and ſilken ſtreamers
For this new moddel had no Dreamers.
A toyl that words have quickly ended,
For what's ſoon ſaid, is ſoon amended.
Æneas now Surveyor turns,
Gets him a Plough, and beaſts with horns,
And moſt gentilely like a Clown,
Scores out the Moddel of a Town;
The Streets, the Lanes, and Market places,
Exact like Troy with all her graces.
Their Concubines apartiment,
And privies moſt magnificent
Aceſtes laugh'd untill he puk'd,
To find his Honour thus be-duk'd,

Makes

Makes law's a hundred more then twenty;
And Officers close stool to empty.
Then where they never were before,
To *Venus*, that Celestial whore
Upon the mountain, *Erycine*,
He makes a Temple, and a Shrine,
To lay *Anchises* bones therein,
And of the order *Jacobin*,
He Consecrates a lazie Priest,
Whose office 'twas in dirty vest,
Before a Taper always burning,
To howl out ditties full of mourning.
Thus having got a little quiet
They fell to junketting and riot;
Nine days in gluttony they toyl,
And drink like Shoomakers the while;
Till now the Ocean calm and gay
Tell's em 'tis time to take away.
The Southwind blows, but makes no bustle,
More then to call'em with his whistle.

The longeſt day muſt have an end,
And friend at length muſt part with friend.
So'tis with them, now ſeaſon calls,
Of force they muſt pack up their Awls.
The Galley-roſters then began
To howl and blubber, and take on;
The women loath to ly alone
Are all now frantic to be gon.
Æneas, who had words at will,
Begs'em with patience to be ſtill;
Sometimes he laughs, ſometimes he cries,
As *Cunning* ſway'd his drolleries.
Twenty deluding tricks he us'd,
And ſo their female brains amus'd,
That they were well content to yeild,
And to the Conqueſt quit the Feild.
O heav'ns now what a noiſe is here!
Of humble ſervant, thine my Deare,
Farewell my Joy, farewell my Love,
Farewel my Hony, Duck and Dove,

They

They kiss, they cry, they laugh, shake hands,
Embrace and hugg, and on the Sands
Th'had taken their last leave, some think,
Had Captain giv'n'em the least wink.
Three Sheep are to the Tempests slain,
To keep'em in a merry vain.
And then for *Eryx* that town Bull
Four *Heifers* from the Herds they cull.
The Anchors weigh'd, all ready now,
Æneas stands upon the prow,
With Olive branch upon his brow;
As thus he sate in Princely pomp,
On a Portmantle easing Rump,
A young *tarpaulin Jacka lent*
Brought him a cup of musty Tent;
What's this quo he, the juice of Toades
'Tis well enough, 'twill serve the Gods:
With that he powr'd it down the Main,
That drank it, as't'had been *Champain*.
The guts and Garbadge of each beast,

He

He gave the *Tritons* for a feaſt.
For with the Brisket, Chines and Ribs,
Trojans themſelves had fil'd their cribs.
The Seas thus pleas'd with Sail, and Oar,
They part from the beloved ſhoar.
You would have ſworn, had you been near
That all the *Kent-Street* Broom-men there
Had empty'd all their leathern geare,
Nothing was extant to your views
For a whole mile but Womens ſhoos.
Thus in old ſhoos their wiſhes flew,
While they look on and wiſh for new:
And ſo return from viewing fleet
With tongues more clamorous than their feet
Venus the while a ſlut moſt crafty,
And mindful of her white boy's ſafety,
Bids Coachman harneſs *Flanders* Mares,
And ſtreight to *Neptune* ſhe careirs.
Neptune, it being long Vacation,
For want of better recreation,

With Oyster shels, and rocky flakes
Was busie making Ducks and Drakes;
But when he saw the Lackerd Coach,
He left his sport and makes approach,
Bless me, quo she, what mean you so
Your noble pastime to forego?
In truth I blame my rudeness for't;
That thus hath made you leave your sport,
With voice more lulling than a lute
She had so charm'd the Sea-green Brute,
Madam quo he, kissing her hand,
I were not worthy my command,
Should I not all things set aside
When such a Dame, so near ally'd
Whom I love more, than you can guess it,
Shal honour me with such a visit;
Good now what wind has blown you hither?
Some plot of *Juno* upon the weather:
Y'are in the right on't, on my Honour
She plagues my heart out, pox upon her,

Tis

'Tis ſcarce a month but in deſpite,
She burnt up all my ſons whole fleet.
And would have gridled him himſelf,
But that the pretty harmleſs Elfe
Has a good faculty to ball it,
When any miſchief does befall it.
In all our heav'nly Court there's none
But hates her like a Scorpion.
And *Jupiter's* a Hobby-horſe,
He does not kick her out of dores
As one would kick a dog or bitch.
She has the Devil in her breech.
Time that brings all things to an end,
Can't bound the malice of this fiend.
The Laws of Fate ſhe chops and changes,
As all things mov'd upon her hinges.
What need I tell you, you well know,
She's nothing elſe but fire and Tow.
But t'other day, in *Lybic* Seas]
What a Combuſtion did ſhe raiſe!

At

Attempting those her wild fegaries
Within your Highneſs territories;
But that your Grace, I humbly thank ye,
Seeing how meanly ſhe did rank ye,
Were pleas'd to take good cognizance
Of puffing ſlaves Irreverence,
And ſo cornub'd 'em, that I think
Their windy holes began to ſtink;
And then the ſneaking ſons of whores
Pull'd in their horns, like Cuckolds Currs,
That find by letters intercepted,
How well their ſtately heads are grafted.
But tempeſts miſſing her deſire,
She ſeeks to work her ends by fire;
But then her husband by a ſhower
Stopt the damn'd progreſs of her power.
That which remains, I beg your Grace
To let your *Seas* keep ſmiling face.
Let only gentle *Zephyr* be
Your Highneſs courteous Deputy.

And

And for thoſe teſty *Aquilo's*
Chaſe'em like Hornets from my noſe.
Let *Son* at *Tyber* ſafe arrive;
And for ſo doing, as I live.
My Maids ſhall work ye againſt *Eaſter*,
A pointed Band worth twice a teſter.
I tell you this, as I am modeſt
Upon the word of a true Goddeſs,
Dear Madam, why ſuch words as theſe?
You are ſole Miſtreſs of the Seas.
From thence you came: The Seas were mad,
If they for you no kindneſs had.
And therefore vex your ſelf no more,
I'le make the winds your breath adore.
I'le have a care of your young man,
The ſame that Doe has of her fawn:
Fair *Simois* and *Xanthus* both
I call to witneſs upon Oath;
The large effects of former care;
Achilles when, great man of War,

Aſſaulting

Assaulting *Troy*, a bold adventure,
Your dapper Son would needs incounter
And like to have his brains knockt out,
In cloud I rapt him, as in clout,
While his fierce foe in vain pursu'd,
And th'Air as vainly hack't and hew'd
I have the same protection still,
The same intention and good will;
And for the sake of your bright eyes
He ne're shall want what in me lies.
Moreo're to shew I love him well,
I'le give him passage into Hell.
Egress and regress to his wishes,
As he were one of my own Fishes.
The Lady hearing so much mercy,
Dropt him a very delicate Curtsey.
The King of floods then gave command,
And Coach is tackled out of hand;
Coach by two *Hippotams* drawn,
Not *Dolphins* as the Learned fain

And

And on the billows then he drives
The pace of Princes and their wives
At his approach the Sea becalms,
The waves as quiet are, as Lambs;
Winds clap their tayls betwixt their legs,
Like Chaplain took at *Baudy Pegs*:
The Scene was chang'd quite through the main,
All cover'd now with *Neptunes* train.
He to ſhew Lady *Coz.* his Port
Had ſummon'd all t'attend his Court.
Firſt the Promoters of the Sea,
His Sarjeants and his Catch poles, they
Were certain Monſters, th'uglieſt Rogues
That ere were ſeen, upon Sea-Hogs.
Whales of all ſizes, ſorts and ſhapes,
With noſes made like ſquirts for Claps,
Whence they could ſpout ye with a vengeance
Whole Rivers, like my Lord Majors Engins.
Theſe *Glaucus* lead, a man of note,
In ſcallop ſhel inſtead of Boat.

And

And all the way he play'd most fine
Upon a Trumpet call'd *Marine*.
Ino's Executor *Palæmon*
Rid mounted on a good fat Sammon;
Old *Triton* second in the Empire,
Rode in a Chariot frindg'd with Sampire
A Scallop lin'd with mother of Pearl
Which six large Oysters nimbly whirle
Phorcus the next most eminent
Brought a whole a ragged Regiment
Riding with dirty shirts on Sharkes,
All dammy Boys, and Hect'ring Sparkes;
Next *Thetis* with her Sallow jowl
Rides monuted on an ambling *Sole*;
And next to her was *Melite*,
Behind her man upon a Ray.
Fair *Panope* a Virgin still,
Bestrides an o'regrown Mackaril.
Cymodoce brings up the Rear,
Upon a nimble Didapper.

Such was the worſhipful proceſſion
Made by the Chiefs of Sea-born Nation:
Æneas at the weather ſmiles,
A ſmile in length above three miles.
Men might have ſeen his heart untroubled
Caper Coranto's through his doublet,
Among the ſhips there's not a lazy one,
All by the fore-lock take Occaſion;
Their ſails are full, and Seamen brisk,
Some go to ſleep, and ſome to *Whisk*,
The gale works for 'em, while the Ships
All keeps their courſe, their Amm'ral keeps
That ſteer'd by *Palinure*, a head
The body of the whole Fleet lead
Starboard, or Larboard, or No near,
How e're he ſteer'd all others ſteer,
The Rowers all the Seaſon bleſt,
That gave them ſo much time to reſt,
And all lay down upon the plancks
To recreate their weary Flanks.

While

While Pilots with their eyes, like Owles,
Look out for *Sea*-marks; and for sholes,
The rest, without the aid of Poppey,
Or juice of Lettices, so nappy,
So soundly slept, that some men swore
Their very souls where heard to snore,
When, lo, a little Urchin whipster,
A god cal'd, but more like a Tapster,
That by his good will would never waken,
But sleep all day in rusty Bacon,
This demi-god is Deaths one brother,
Tis well sh'has him, sh'has nere another.
This drowsie Soul drops from the stars,
Dispels the Mist, that hid his Arse,
And thus like a dissembling Knave,
For *Palinure* provides a grave.
Like *Phorbas* clad, quo he, dear Friend
What harm dost thou thy self intend
By watching thus? aside thy care:
And sleep a while, while weather's fair,

And I'le be careful till you wake
Of Galleys, that no harm they take.
Follow your Fools advice that pleaſe,
I'le ſleep no ſleeps, by Gods good grace:
Who ſent you here with this blind ſtory?
Thus *Palinure* frumpt young *John Dory*.
This bold young Sophiſter howe're
Continued ſtill to buzz in's Ear.
He begg'd him ore and ore again
To clear his eyelids, but in vain,
For *Palinure* he could not coax:
Friend, quoth he, y'are in the wrong box.
Is this a time for me to ſnort,
Knowing the burden I ſupport.
How ſhould I anſwer to be found,
I faſt a ſleep, Ships faſt a ground?
My Maſter, great *Æneas*, ſure
Would give much thanks to *Palinure*.
A ſcalded dog the Kitchen bauks,
So we have had enough of rocks,

The

The little God, but hugeous Devil,
Finding perſwaſions here ſo civil,
Would not prevail, draws out a jelly,
The colour I can hardly tell ye,
With this ſame oyl, not oyl of Violet,
He rub'd the Temples of the Pilot,
Who, without dreaming o the Fleet,
Falls flat on's belly faſt a ſleep.
When on a ſudden part of the ſteerage,
Not well repair'd or out of meer age.
Whips off, and Pilot, heav'n knows how,
Only that *Virgil* ſays 'twas ſo,
Went with a murrain altogether,
A ſtrange miſchance in ſuch good weather,
And therefore wiſe men gueſs it rather,
(Though bad excuſe by *Virgil* made,
Is better than t' have nothing ſaid)
That the old man too much had drank,
And going to ſh— fell off a plank.
However 'twas, wak'd with the fall,

He

He vainly to his Mates did call,
For he was drown'd, and miſchief done,
Away th' unlucky God doth run.
How e're the Ships ſteer a right courſe,
For *Neptunes* promiſe guides their oars,
Though ſome conjecture they did well,
Rather by hap, than by good skill.
Tell by and by the Rocks approaching,
Where *Syrens* live, all day debauching,
Æneas by good chance lookt out,
And ſeeing Ships ſo neer a rout,
Thought Pilot either drunk or dead,
And that without his preſent aid,
The Ships would be at ſix and ſev'ns,
He goes to ſee: but then O Heav'ns!
Th'aſtoniſh'd Mortal quickly found,
That *Palinure*, Good man, was drown'd,
The Galleys ſwom at ſeven and ſix,
Like blind men groping without ſticks,
And now they gan approach the ſtones

That

That lookt all white like dead mens bones,
And yet the waves neer shallow shore,
Lay howling day and night for more.
Æneas, whiter than his Cravat,
Saw 'twas nothing for man to laugh at;
'Twas time i'faith for him to work,
The which he did like any Turk;
And streight though night, and hard put to't,
Got sea room, and good way to boot,
He wrought, but could not sing a noat,
Like merry Coblers under stals;
For grief had spoild his Madrigals;
But for his Pilot, now a sleep,
A hundred sighs he fetch'd ful deep;
He puft, and heav'd, and roard, and snob'd,
To see himself of Pilot rob'd;
Ah my Dear Friend, his noddle shaking,
That now must sleep for want of waking,
Whom sleep it self, hath taken napping,
And strangled in the water dropping,

Naked

Naked upon ſome forreign ſhore
Thou ſhalt be caſt and ſeen no more;
Though if no Porpoiſe eat thee up,
Nor Sturgron on thy carkaſs ſup,
Time may perhaps bring thee to light,
Till then, Dear *Palinure*, good Night,

FINIS.

Octavia Sister of Aug. Cæsar, bestowed upon Virgil out
of Affection to his parts, 5000 French Crowns, for writ-
ing 26 Hexameters in commendation of her Son Mar-
cellus, wch you have in ye latter end of ye 6 book of the Æne-
ids.